



CALVINIST + CONTACT

DUTCH - CANADIAN



CHRISTIAN WEEKLY

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“... ALLEN, DIE ZIJN VERSCHIJNING HEBBEN LIEFGEHAD”



WANT VOOR ALLE DINGEN heb ik u overgegeven, hetwelk ik zelf ontvangen heb: Christus is gestorven voor onze zonden, naar de Schriften, en Hij is begraven en ten derde dage opgewekt, naar de Schriften, en Hij is verschenen aan Cephas, daarna aan de twaalf. Vervolgens is Hij verschenen aan meer dan vijfhonderd broeders tegelijk, van wie het merendeel thans nog in leven is, doch sommigen zijn ontslapen. Vervolgens is Hij verschenen aan Jacobus, daarna aan al de apostelen; maar in het allerlaatst is Hij ook aan mij verschenen, als aan een ontijdig geborene.

Indien Christus niet is opgewekt, dan is immers onze prediking zonder inhoud, en zonder inhoud is ook uw geloof.

Maar nu, Christus is opgewekt uit de doden, als eersteling van hen, die ontslapen zijn.

A LITTLE EXPLANATION TO THE PICTURE — Christ elected his apostles from all walks of life. They differed very much from each other in temperament, and in addition to that, their social and cultural backgrounds show many differences too. Matthew was sympathetic to the Romans, but Simon the Zealot hated them. Thomas was a realist; he only wished to believe if he could see himself. Andrew was a pious man. They all have one characteristic in common, however, they were elected by Christ Himself. In this they are one. And they, therefore, are one in His cross, as they were also one in the preaching of this cross and the resurrection.

The illustration and the character explanations were made by the artist Christoffel Overvoorde, especially for Calvinist-Contact, which we acknowledge in gratitude.

THE APOSTLES — TOP ROW, l. to r. — Matthew, despised by the Jews; the tax-collector for the Romans! — Andrew, the friendly character, that brought others to Jesus. — SECOND ROW, l. to r. — Philip the first one called. He brought others to Christ in a very simple way. — Thomas, the realist (“I only believe what I can see.”). — John the beloved, the son of Thunder, who became the apostle of love. — Bartholomew or Nathanael, in whom no injustice was found. — Simon the rock, Petra. — Paul, the “untimely called”. — THIRD ROW, l. to r. — Simon the Zealot, the fanatical Jew. — Thaddeus, whose name means “Gift of God”. — BOTTOM ROW, l. to r. — James, the son of Alphaeus. — James, the brother of John, the first martyr. — The characters of the apostles are depicted according to scriptural data.

"... ALLEN, DIE ZIJN VERSCHIJNING HEBBEN LIEFGEHAD"

De tekening, die Chris Overvoorde voor ons blad heeft gemaakt, brengt de betekenis van het Paasfeest wel zeer dicht nabij.

De omstandigheden zijn ons van kindsaf wel bekend, maar als wij er even de tijd voor nemen en ons indenken wat het alles te betekenen had, dan wordt het zo onbegrijpelijk groot en zo sterk fascinerend.

Wij lezen er gemakkelijk overheen, dat de Heiland is verschenen aan zoveel mensen met even zoveel verschillende karakters. Maar wij moeten het ons maar eens even indenken. Daar stond hun Meester weer. Of daar zat Hij weer bij hen aan tafel. Ja, het was Hem echt, Hij was nog precies Dezelfde. En toch was het anders.

Droefheid, moeheid, pijn, honger, dorst, die zij hem menig keer hadden zien ondergaan, waren weg en er was geen spoor meer van te ontdekken. Alleen die gaten in Zijn handen en in Zijn zijde waren nog te zien, maar verder was er dan ook niets meer.

Bovendien was hun Meester niet meer aan de wetten van dit leven onderworpen. Hij kwam de kamer binnen, terwijl de deur op slot was. Hij verdween uit hun gezicht, terwijl zij een minuut geleden nog met Hem spraken.

Het leek alles zo onwerkelijk, zo ver weg.

En zo lijkt het vandaag nog.

Het was tenslotte niet zo onbegrijpelijk, dat Thomas al die verhalen maar niet voetstoots kon aannemen. Wie kon dit nu zo maar geloven? En wie kan dit vandaag nu zo maar geloven?

Dit wist en dit weet de Heiland, hoe moeilijk het was en is om te geloven wat Zijn opstanding betekent. Hij weet hoe wij ons angstvallig terughouden van Zijn verheerlijking. Hoe vreemd wij daar tegenover staan.

Daarom nam Hij een stukje vis, zodat zij zien konden, dat Hij at. En daarom vraagt Hij Thomas Hem met zijn eigen handen aan te raken. Daarom geeft Hij hun een enorme visvangst en gebruikt Hij het ontbijt met hen aan het strand. Daarom geeft Hij Bijbelles aan de Emmaüs-gangers en daarom vraagt Hij Petrus of hij Hem echt, diep en persoonlijk liefheeft.

Zó werkelijk is het!

Hij put zich uit als het ware, om hun (en ons) te doen zien en voelen, dat Hij in Zijn overwinning over de dood vlak bij hen (en ons) staat. Eén met hen (en met ons) is.

Als wil Hij hen (en ons) overtuigen, dat het leven niet Hem, maar Hij het leven beheerst en dat Hij hen (en ons) daarin wil doen delen. Daar mocht bij hen (en daar mag bij ons) niet de minste twijfel over blijven bestaan. En dat gold niet alleen op de Paasmorgen, dat geldt ook nu, want, zei Hij, "Ik ben met u tot aan de voleinding der wereld".

Of wij nu flegmatisch of temperamentvol zijn, of het nu een Nathanaël- of een Andreas-type is, wat dit betreft is er geen onderscheid als het gaat om het leven uit de weer- spiegeling van de opstanding van onze Heiland.

Te denken én te geloven dat wij daar deel aan hebben is onbegrijpelijk groot en sterk fascinerend. Want, zegt Paulus, "voor mij is weggelegd de kroon der rechtvaardigheid, en niet alleen voor mij, maar voor allen die Zijn verschijning hebben liefgehad."

D.F.

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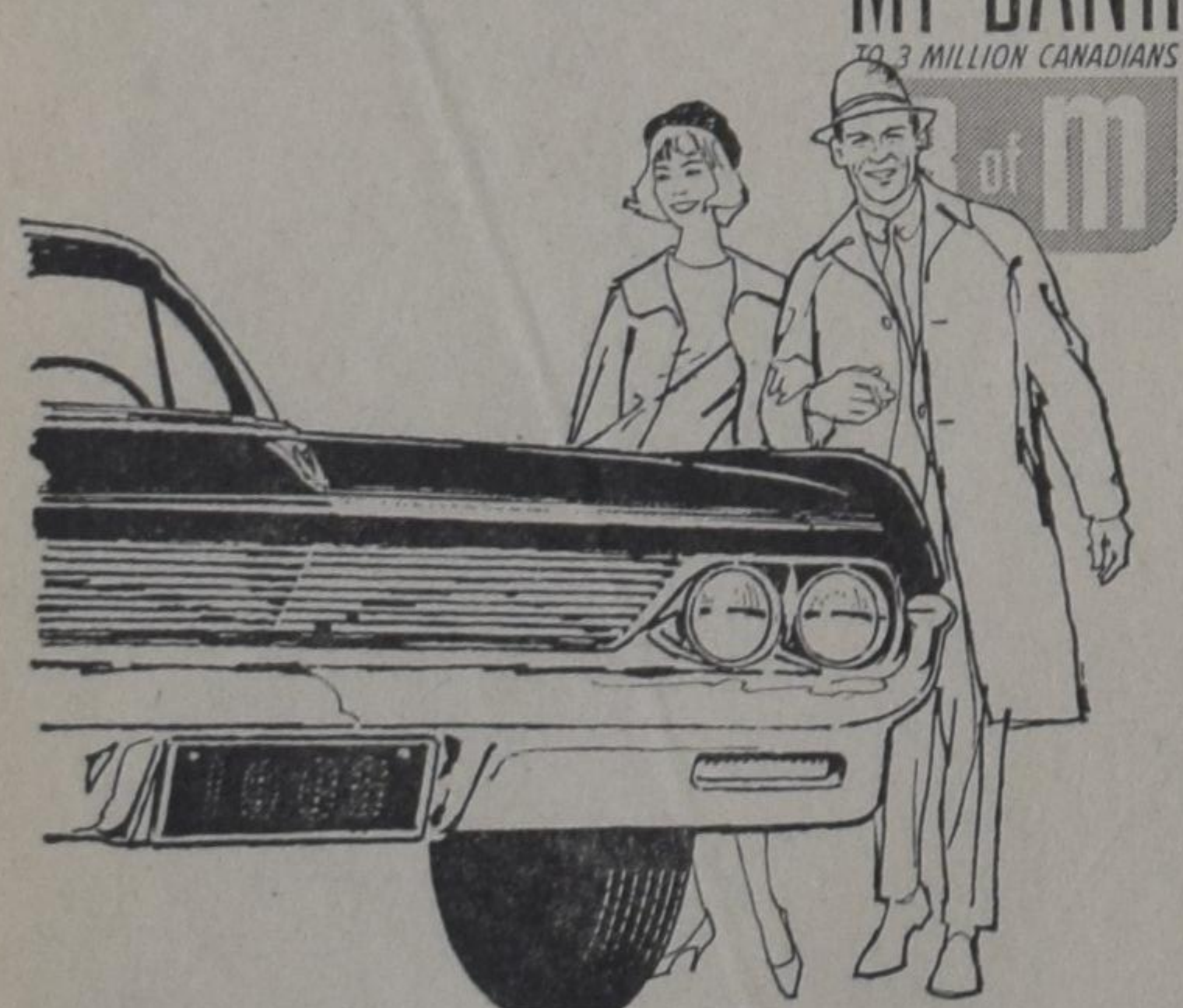
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TEXTIEL — FIJNE VLEESWAREN VOOR DE BOTERHAM
HET ADRES VOOR KWALITEIT

"...wij kochten het door middel van 'MY BANK'"



Elke dag worden heel wat goede aankopen gedaan door middel van het Gezins Financieringsplan van de Bank of Montreal. Op welke belangrijke aankopen U ook Uw zinnen mocht hebben gezet, er is een behoorlijke kans dat U die het beste kunt financieren met maandelijkse betalingen onder dit moderne plan.

Waarom zoudt U spoedig niet eens gaan praten met de mensen van het filiaal van "MY BANK" in Uw buurt?

BANK OF MONTREAL

Family Finance Plan

A MAN OF SORROWS, AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF

The Holy Shroud of Turin, the cloth in which Joseph of Arimathea (allegedly) wrapped the body of Christ for burial after the crucifixion, has always been one of the most auspicious relics claiming authenticity and a link with the time of Christ. Even more so since 1898, when photography first revealed a remarkable and detailed negative on the cloth. Since then it has aroused wide interest, scholarly investigation and considerable controversy.

The examinations of the Shroud since the sensational photographic revelation of 1898 have been conducted along a number of different lines. The foremost include history, anatomy, chemistry, legal medicine, photography, art history and textile manufacture.

These exhaustive studies have been made by competent specialists.

There are many precise historical records of the Holy Shroud and its veneration from the time of the Apostles up to the time of Constantine. The Empress Pulcheria (399-453) placed the Shroud in the newly built basilica of Our Lady of Blachernes in Constantinople.

In 1204, the Holy Shroud was taken to France by one of the Crusaders, Otto de la Roche, where it was venerated in the Cathedral of St. Stephan. A fire broke out in the church during 1349. The case in which the Holy Shroud was kept burst into flames and the

relic was burned at the corners.

The Shroud was then sent to Paris where it was repaired by nuns. In 1356, the Holy Shroud was transferred to Lirey, a little town in the French Champagne, and placed in a new church built for it.

As a result of the many different wars of the period, the relic was presented to Anna de Lusignan, betrothed to the Duke Ludovicus of Savoy, in 1452. It was in this way that the Holy Shroud came into the possession of the Italian kings. Since the year 1457 it has been venerated in Turin.

Between 1668 and 1694, Guarino Guarini designed and built a brilliantly original baroque chapel behind the high altar of the cathedral of St. John the Baptist in Turin, Italy, as a royal burial place. The Holy Shroud was placed in this chapel, and has remained in it ever since.

To honor the marriage of Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, and Marie Josephine, daughter of King Albert of Belgium, in May, 1931, the Holy Shroud was exposed for public veneration. More than two million Christians saw it at this time.

It was also at this time that it was once again photographed, in the presence of scientists and ecclesiastics from all over the world. The impressions on the Shroud are very feeble and only the photographic negative reveals all the details.



A Big Step Forward for Teachers at Christian Schools

News was spreading fast in Ontario, that the Christian schools would be considered as training schools, which meant that teachers at the Christian schools in Ontario would be eligible for their interim or permanent certificates, after satisfactory inspection.

Nothing could be published, until official confirmation had been received from the government. This confirmation came through just before this issue went to press.

Mr. Sidney S. Harkema, president of the Ontario Alliance of Christian Schools was so kind as to inform us about this important development. We join the many who thank the Lord for the blessing which is evident in this governmental decision.

Here follows the transcript of the correspondence with Mr. Harkema.

March 23, 1964

With reference to a letter recently received from the Minister of Education, Mr. William G. Davis, which is printed below, I am very grateful to report, that we have received permission from the Department of Education to have our teachers inspected for the purpose of certification. Any teacher who has not an Ontario College of Education training may also apply for certification. The inspector will evaluate the standards of the teachers to determine their eligibility for either supplying them with an interim or permanent teaching certificate, or he will advise further training. The following is the letter received from the Minister of Education of Ontario:

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

44 Eglinton Avenue, West,
TORONTO 12, Ontario.

March 19, 1964.

Dear Mr. Harkema:

You will recall that, at our recent meeting, the inspection of teachers in private schools for certification purposes was discussed.

I am able to inform you that a pertinent memorandum has recently been sent to the Principals of Private Schools. An arrangement has been approved whereby a private school teacher who holds an Interim teaching certificate or a letter of standing valid in the elementary schools may be inspected by an elementary-school inspector for the purpose of obtaining

- (a) a Permanent teaching certificate, or
- (b) an Interim teaching certificate, as the case may be.

Any teacher in a private school, who is thus affected, should obtain from his principal the necessary details.

It is hoped that this information will be of value to you.

Mr. Sidney Harkema,
5 Braemore Avenue,
BRAMPTON, Ontario.

Yours sincerely,
William G. Davis
Minister of Education.

...

For the benefit of those principals who did not receive the memorandum from the Department of Education, I have it also printed below.

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

MEMORANDUM TO PRINCIPALS OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Re Inspection for Teachers who hold Interim Teaching Certificates of Letters of Standing valid in the Elementary Schools

The Minister of Education has approved an arrangement whereby a private-school teacher who holds an Interim teaching certificate or a Letter of Standing valid in the elementary schools may be inspected by an Elementary School Inspector for the purpose of obtaining (a) a Permanent teaching certificate or (b) an Interim teaching certificate, as the case may be.

A teacher who wishes to have an inspection for one of the purposes mentioned is advised to write to Mr. G. L. Duffin, Superintendent of Elementary Education, Department of Education, 44 Eglinton Avenue West, TORONTO 12, Ontario. The request for an inspection should be endorsed or otherwise supported by the principal.

Mr. G. L. Duffin will communicate with the teacher and the inspector concerned regarding the inspection. The teacher is asked to notify his principal of the arrangements.

F. S. Rivers
Chief Director of Education

TORONTO 12, February 28, 1964.

...

Let us continue our struggle for justice faithfully and prayerfully.

Yours in His service.

Sidney S. Harkema, President,
ONTARIO ALLIANCE OF CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

SSH/NS

MR. GORDON'S SECOND BUDGET

by Drs. J. P. Verseveldt

If Mr. Gordon has learned anything in the past year, it would seem to be "modesty".

In this new budget there are no world-shattering renovations, no fast cure-all's for Canada's economic ills, no "know-it-all" attitude. It is mainly devoted to further undoing the harm inflicted by the previous budget, extending aid to students and reduction of the deficit. Measures taken last year to stimulate employment are being continued.

Family allowances of \$10. per month will be paid for each child of 16 and 17 years of age who is still at school. Payments are scheduled to start at the beginning of the school year, in September. As an inducement to go to University, part-time students will be allowed to deduct from income, tuition fees in excess of \$25. annually. This arrangement will apply to 1964 income tax returns. In addition, students will be able to get government - guaranteed bank loans. These loans will be interest-free during the student's years of study.

No changes have been made in Income and Sales Tax rates despite the tax cuts in the United States and the U.K. It was felt that changes should wait for the report of the Royal Commission on Taxation that is presently investigating our whole tax structure. We have a feeling that this is only an excuse. Mr. Gordon has made several speeches in the last

few months in which he expressed the opinion that taxes can only be lowered after the Canadian economy has achieved full employment. In the opinion of the Minister, heavy and even rising Government expenditures are necessary for this end. In other words the Liberals are determined to "spend" us to prosperity but we may go bankrupt in the process. The stimulating effect of a tax cut in the Canadian economy is completely ignored.

To further appease foreign critics of his policies, Minister Gordon has abandoned the planned increase from 15 to 20% in the withholding tax on dividends paid to foreign shareholders in Canadian companies that do not have 25% Canadian ownership.

Due to the prosperous condition of the Canadian Economy it is expected that budget revenues will rise by 7.9% while expenditures are estimated to increase by 3.8%. If this forecast comes true, the deficit on the Federal budget will drop to \$440 million from last year's \$749 million.

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Short Story by Ineke Parlevliet

Not what my hands have done...

"And this is the image which was found almost undamaged, except for the hands, when people started to rebuild this church after the war," said the guide in English with a thick German accent. Most of the tourists gave an interested nod as if they had especially made the trip to Europe to visit this tiny, old Roman Catholic church in West-Germany which had become so well-known by its recent history.

It was in the Christmas night of the year 1943 when a lone American bomber dropped its load on the church," the guide went on in a business-like tone and without emotion, being visibly bored by showing — day after day and week after week — holidaying visitors the few objects of interest in this partly rebuilt church.

"The bombing was so unexpected that the worshippers who had come together for midnight Mass, had no time to go to the shelters. The front part of the church was completely ruined, but as by a miracle the rest of the church remained undamaged and because of this most church-goers were saved. Unfortunately twenty-three children, who were singing in the choir, were killed. Among their bodies and the debris this image of the Holy Lord was found, still unimpaired. Only the hands with which the Holy Lord had been blessing the faithful, were broken off. When the church was repaired after the war, the image was put back in its original place exactly as it was found. But as you can see, underneath is now written: "Die einzige Hande die Ich noch habe, sind Ihre", which means "The only hands I have left, are yours".

The guide stepped a pace back to give the on-lookers the opportunity to read the words themselves. The tourists flocked closer by, looking seriously and almost solemnly since this seemed to be the required attitude. A few minutes later they followed the guide to the right side of the church, where he had stopped in front of a beautiful stained window. When most people had joined him, he pointed to the huge window above his head, through which a golden beam of late sunlight fell on the dusty pews and benches.

"This window, which seems almost too big for this small church, has been a present from an unknown American who desires to remain anonymous," the guide explained dutifully. "The picture presents the Holy Lord blessing the children and the words of the related text are written in a half circle at the top."

Without exception all visitors stretched their necks in a vain attempt to read the words in the German language. The guide glanced quickly on his watch and seeing that this tour was taking more time than he had planned, he hurried on in his monotonous voice:

"This window is one of the most significant modern windows of all of Germany. It has been made by the famous artist Jean Laroche and it must have cost the giver a fortune. Although nobody knows the identity of this person, it is generally presumed that this generous American is the same man who bombed the church. Of course not a single indication justifies this supposition, but it has always been the habit of country people to weave a folktale with the few threads of some mysterious facts."

The guide waited a couple of minutes, leaving the tourists some time to ponder his last statement and to admire the window. Then he went on: "When you compare now the deep, bright colours of this window with those of the one across the aisle, which window is of a much earlier date, then you'll see that there is definitely a great difference between both works of art. Let's go to the other window now and I'll show you what I mean."

Obediently as a flock of sheep the group of people shuffled behind the guide over the bare and uneven stone floor to the other side.

But Donald Foster did not move. He was still standing near the huge and expensive window, staring at it without seeing anything of its beauty and grandeur. Before his eyes the colours blended together in a frightening muddle of hated memories: The blurred silhouettes of murderous bombs, the screaming blue of explosions, the yellow-orange rays of nightly fires and the dark red of blood...

"I should never have come here," Donald thought. "It was a great mistake. How could I ever have believed that this visit could help me? There is no help for me. What I did, I have done. Nothing in the world can wipe it out. Not even if I donated ten more stained windows . . . It would still be in vain. That Christmas night of 1943 will never come back, can never be relived. The dead are buried. The church has been repaired. The war is over. A period in history has been closed. It all belongs to the past . . . except for the memories, the memories . . ." With a tired gesture Donald stroked with his hand over his eyes and grey, thinning hair. "He would never forget that night. Why had he done it? Why had he dropped those last bombs he had left in his machine on this small church? Had he wanted to revenge his brother, who had been killed by the Germans a few days earlier? Or had he been sick and tired of the whole, miserable, cruel war in which human beings seemed to count less than flowers along a ditch? Or had it been a challenge to God? God had taken his father, his brother, his own pleasant and carefree life and now he had wanted to pay God back in His own coin? Had that been the reason? Had it been indifference, grief, hate or madness which had made him drop those bombs at random above a tiny, sleeping village in which not one military object was located?

Donald closed his eyes. "I don't know anymore," he whispered. "I don't know why I did it . . . I was not ordered to do it. I had left the other planes and made the detour to Eberbach on purpose. Eberbach. That had been the name of the village. He had seen the name on his map before he threw the bombs and he had seen the name again a few years later, printed in a newspaper in which the story of the killed children during the Christmas night of 1943 was told in full detail. Since that time the name Eberbach had been chiseled in his memory, and his conscience had started to speak without stopping.

"If only Jack had objected," Donald thought. But his co-pilot had shrugged his shoulders when

he suggested to drop the bombs on Eberbach. He still heard Jack's answer ringing in his ears: "Get rid of the stuff. I don't care where. But hurry and fly the ship home. I'm beat and want some sleep; in a bed."

Jack was dead now. Two months later he was shot down. "If only Jack had told me not to fly to Eberbach," Donald thought again. "I never really wanted to kill people . . . It was just that I wanted to scare them and to destroy their rest and Christmas peace . . ." But an inner voice, the one he had tried to silence for more than fifteen years now, cut him short. "Of course you knew very well what you were doing," the voice said without pity. "After so many months of flying bombers you knew quite well the destructive power of those explosive cylinders. Don't try to put the blame on someone or something else. You are guilty and only you. And never, not in your whole life, will you be able to pay for that crime. No one will drag you into a courtroom for it, no one will hang you for this cowardly deed. War is war. Everything is permitted, everything is allowed. But it is not true! It's a big lie! Even in a beastly war it should be possible to maintain human dignity, but you could not do it! That's why you can't find peace and happiness in your life. Jack died. That was his punishment. But you have to live with your guilt. That's worse . . . What good has it done to have that expensive window made? It won't give those parents their children back, will it? Did you really believe that a thing of beauty could replace the warmth and grace of children's voices? What's the sense of donating a window of the blessing Lord when this blessing is not meant for you yourself? It was purely an attempt to buy off your feelings of guilt. But it won't help you. Not now or ever."

With a sudden jerk Donald turned himself away from the window and started to walk to the entrance. He had not noticed that the tourists with their guide had left the church. On his way out Donald caught view of the painted wooden image, which looked so grotesque without the hands. In spite of himself Donald stopped. It was not the image, but the words underneath which had aroused his interest. "The only hands I have left, are yours." The sentence struck him with bewilderment. What was meant by it? The Lord wants to use our hands . . . ? My hands . . . ? Hands which dropped bombs on innocent children, hands which brought destruction, sorrow and bitterness?

Donald looked at his hands as if seeing them for the first time. They were small, strong hands with carefully polished nails, two light spots in the twilight church. How long he had been standing there with his hands outstretched before him, Donald did not know. Thoughts tumbled through his mind as leaves in a storm. He suddenly felt empty and even more desolate.

In spite of his fifty years he had achieved nothing else in his life than a good bank account and a healthy business. He had no children and he had divorced his wife shortly after the war, when he learned that she had been unfaithful to him during the time he was overseas. "My hands," Donald thought again. "They only broke down, but never built up as far as others are concerned." "The only hands I have, are yours." The sentence came back to him, over and over again, upsetting him, forcing him to take stock of all his deeds and actions, facing him with the bare fact that he had been more of a burden than a blessing to others, a source more of grief than of happiness. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a soft, warm voice which said in broken English:

"Perhaps you like to talk about your troubles, Sir . . . ?" With a start Donald looked up. An old priest was standing beside him. For a moment Donald didn't know what to say. Then he said bluntly:

"I'm a Protestant, Father, and a very bad one, too. Don't waste your precious time on me."

The priest did not seem to be offended. Smiling kindly he said: "When a human heart is burdened with sorrow and pain, it doesn't make too much difference to which church one belongs. The need for help and comfort remains the same."

Again Donald did not know what to reply. His first impulse was to tell the priest off. It was none of his business to poke in the life of strangers. But when Donald looked in the gentle, questioning eyes of the man beside him, his annoyance disappeared. Without further thinking he answered pointing to the words under the image:

"This inscription confuses me . . . I know the translation," he added hastily, "but I don't understand its meaning."

"The meaning is simple, my friend. It is its application which disturbs us. When we read the Gospel we know quite well what the Lord did with His hands and we should follow His example. But this is difficult. Very difficult."

"We can't heal the sick or raise people from the dead, can we?" Donald asked more sarcastically than he meant.

Again the priest smiled. "We don't have to do that. There are enough things left, however, which we could do. I told you to read the Gospel. Then you will find out. Our Lord visited the sick and the lonely ones, we can do the same. He brought gladness where sorrow reigned, He set free those who were condemned, He wrote in the sand when accusations rained down on a sinful woman, He judged with love and compassion. He offered His supporting hands to anyone who needed them . . . All these things we can and should try to do, too."

"Even when our hands are dirty and smeared with bl . . ." Donald suddenly stopped. But the priest didn't seem to have noticed.

"Everybody's hands are dirty," he answered. "But our Lord Himself will wash them over and over again as long as we ask Him to do so."

"So we should do all the things He did, when our hands are cleaned?"

"No, my friend. Not all things. I told you that before. Many things we can't do, because our faith is too small. But one thing we don't have to do. One thing which our Lord has done, has never to be done over again by others. We could not do it either, not even with mountains of faith."

Not what my hands have done
Can save my guilty soul,
Not what my toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God,
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

"And that one thing is, Father?" Donald asked with mingled interest and curiosity. For a moment the priest did not answer. He studied Donald's face intensely and while he searched his eyes, which were called the mirrors of the soul, he said humbly:

"Our Lord stretched out His hands to be nailed on the cross. Voluntarily He gave His hands and body to be crucified. Dying on the cross, the guilt and sin of the whole world died with Him. In this way He paid for all our wrong doings, words and thoughts. We could never have done that. We can't even pay for our own sins, how could we ever have paid for others?"

For a while these last words lingered in the quickly darkening church. None of the men spoke. The silence was complete. When Donald finally started to speak, his voice was no more than a faint whisper, but for the first time there was hope and anxiety in his words.

"You said that the guilt of the whole world died with the Lord on the cross?"

"Yes," my friend, I said that. And it is true. If one sincerely repents from his sins and asks for forgiveness, everything he has done wrong is wiped out for ever. Not one of our sins is too heavy to be lifted on the cross with our Lord."

Again silence returned. The priest waited patiently. He knew what the next question would be. And at last it came.

"So let's say that even the man who bombed this church and who is responsible for the death of those children, can be pardoned?" Donald tried very hard to let his voice sound as casual as possible, but nevertheless he was unable to conceal the eagerness in his voice.

"Yes, my friend. Even you can be declared: No more guilty."

Donald was completely taken aback. "How . . . how do you know . . . Why do you think . . ." He could not complete the sentence, being too stunned that the priest had learned his terrible secret. But the priest laid his hand on Donald's sleeve and his voice was full of compassion when he said:

"I knew it was you. I saw you entering the church, even before those other visitors came in. I saw you walking straight to your window, and staring at it. Even from my small office in the back of the church I could see how lonely and desperate you were. Your attitude and behaviour was not that of

Thy grace alone, O God,
To men can pardon speak,
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
No other work save Thine,
No other blood will do,
No strength save that which is divine
Can bear me safely through.

an interested and dutiful tourist who had come "to do" this church. You came here with a certain purpose and it was in connection with that window. That was obvious. Just like a criminal who sooner or later returns to the place of his crime, I knew that one day the man, who had donated that beautiful window, would come to our church. For many years I have been waiting for you. Today you came . . ."

"Just like that criminal," Donald said painfully. But the priest shook his head.

"Here you are wrong, my friend. Your act was a crime. True. But where repentance burns in the heart as a devouring fire, the man behind the crime changes from a criminal into a sinner and for him the hands of our Lord are there, nailed to the cross. I have been praying for you ever since this window was presented. I sensed the story behind it, like so many did. Yet I also knew that you were in great need for help. All I could do for you was pray. God heard my prayers. He brought you here. And I'm convinced that you didn't come in vain. You have found or will find what you have been searching for. It is not only in this church, for God is everywhere where the heart is open for Him."

Donald was quiet for a long time. Then, grasping the priest's hand, he pleaded: "Keep praying for me . . . I need it . . ."

For the third time the priest smiled. "Of course I will, my friend . . . but do the same yourself. It has been proven that God answered my prayers. He will do the same with yours." Only now he lifted his hand from Donald's sleeve and pointed with it to the golden words under the image which glimmered softly in the darkness.

"And lend your hands to our Lord, my friend. He wants to use them. It is not too late yet."

"I will try, father . . . I will try . . ." The words were hardly audible, but nevertheless they seemed to fill the whole church. They were more than a vague promise; they indicated the first steps of a changed man on a new road.

A pale, early moon sent a few rays of silver through the window with the blessing Lord, but this time it looked as if the Lord had not only raised His hands to bless the children around Him, but also the two small people at His feet, who could not live without Him.

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Het Vaticaanse Concilie

door Paul Taming

③

Het was een verstandige keuze van het concilie om de liturgie als eerste schema te behandelen. Immers met de liturgie heeft elke plaatselijke kerk te maken en daarom is elk concilie bij dit onderwerp betrokken. Bovendien kwamen in de bespreking meteen theologische verschillen naar voren. Want liturgie is niet, zoals de mensen wel eens denken, een zaak waar je gevoel voor moet hebben, maar een zaak die terdege een reflex is van het theologisch denken. Maar wat het belangrijkste is, de liturgische vernieuwing beoogde een geestelijke opleving te bevorderen. En voor dat doel was het concilie ook bijeengekomen. Daarom stellen wij als protestanten belangstelling in de liturgische veranderingen in de R.K. kerk.

PROTESTANTEN ZIJN GEEN KINDEREN . . .

Veel rooms-katholieke prelaten spreken geringschattend over het streven naar eenheid onder de christenen en zij praten neerbuigend tegen protestanten, alsof het kinderen zijn . . .

Deze opmerking maakte de Amerikaanse bisschop mgr. Leven uit San Antonio (Texas) op het Vaticaans concilie tijdens het debat over het schema van de eenheid. Hij betoogde dat de discussies van de afgelopen dagen aantoonde hoe dringend wij een dialoog niet alleen met de afgescheiden broeders, maar ook met elkaar nodig hebben. De toespraak van bisschop Leven blies de concilievergadering nieuw leven in en een aantal concilie-vaders applaudiseerde geestdriftig.

Mgr. Leven bracht naar voren dat veel concilie-vaders nog niet contact met niet-rooms katholieke christenen hebben. Met een niet mis te verstane verwijzing naar het over het algemeen conservatief ingestelde Italiaanse episcopaat, zei de 58-jarige Amerikaanse prelaat, dat diegenen, die hun steun geven aan het gesprek met andere christenen, "niet de prelaten zijn die hun mensen aan het communisme hebben verloren". De spreker zinspeelde op de acht miljoen stemmen die bij de Italiaanse verkiezingen op de communistische partij werden uitgebracht.

Er wordt op het concilie teveel geprekeerd en berispt door bepaalde bisschoppen, vond mgr. Leven, die ook vond dat er een eind moest komen aan de onderlinge beschuldigingen. Vandaar dat een gesprek tussen de bisschoppen onderling net zo nodig is als dat met de andere broeders.

Uit "TROUW"

Alle begin is moeilijk en dat geldt zeker van het Vaticaans concilie. Om daarvan enig idee te krijgen wil ik u enkele statistieken betreffende het eerste schema niet onthouden. Het moge de kerke-raadsleden nog tot troost zijn! Er waren 15 vergaderingen van 22 okt. tot 13 nov. Er werd bijna 49 uur gedebatteerd. Het concilie heeft naar 328 toespraken moeten luisteren, uitgesproken door 253 'vaders', terwijl als toegift 625 schriftelijke suggesties aan het concilie zijn voorgelegd. Ook op het concilie waren mensen, die meer dan eens het woord voerden. Kardinaal Ruffini sprak zes keer; Kardinaal Léger van Montreal en Kardinaal Spellman vier keer. Dat op het concilie de bisschoppen ook

wel hun mondje durfden roeren blijkt uit het feit dat 154 van hen het woord voerden tegenover 36 kardinalen en 55 aartsbisschoppen.

Het werd uiteindelijk een langdurige geschiedenis. Veel praten zonder ook maar enigszins te vorderen. Terecht schrijft René Laurentin in *Cross Currents*, waaruit wij vele gegevens verzamelden, "It was a long tunnel, a time when those who believed in the Council almost despaired of it".

Op 29 november toen men nog niet verder gekomen was dan het slot van het eerste hoofdstuk van schema I, "some Americans submitted the question of the council's duration to an electronic machine. At the rate it was going up to that point, it would last 240 years". Of deze technische onthulling een deit in het zakje gedaan heeft weet ik niet, maar na de 6e november kwam er meer schot in. Eindelijk kwam het concilie tot het punt van stemmen. Het resultaat was verrassend. Meer dan 97% keurde het eerste schema goed.

Het eerste schema "concerned above all to promote — or rather restore — a living participation of the faithful in the liturgy, its three inter-related emphases were: adaption of our time, differentiation in terms of the needs of various peoples, and — for his purpose — the restoration of the powers of bishops at the collegial level".

Over deze punten zullen we nader uitweiden, behalve het laatste punt. Deze zaak is weer teruggegeven in handen van de commissie en wordt ook besproken in het schema over de kerk. Het is trouwens een belangrijke zaak waarin we in een afzonderlijk artikel nog eens op terug komen.

Wanneer wij over de hernieuwing van de liturgie in de R.K. kerk lezen moeten we niet denken dat deze mensen nu eens wat anders willen. Verandering van spijs doet eten, zo wordt gezegd. Het gaat werkelijk niet om een popularisering van de R.K. kerk. Er is een ernstig streven bij de meesten, naar ik meen, of voor de kerkgang van de kerkdienst weer tot een belevenis te maken. Dat blijkt wel uit wat er gezegd is over de studie van liturgie in de seminaries.

"The liturgy is to be counted among the major disciplines in the Seminary curriculum and is to be studied *theologically and historically* (italics mine) as well as from spiritual, pastoral, and juridical points of view."

Zoals u ziet, deze studie moet grondig zijn. Het moet theologisch verantwoord zijn en de kerk moet weer kennis gaan nemen van de historische bronnen. Wat dit historische onderzoek zal opleveren? We weten het niet. Zal men b.v. door de studie van Augustinus' methode van eredienst ontdekken, dat vroeger de preekstoel in het

midden stond omdat het Woord centraal was in de eredienst? Het is wel opmerkelijk dat de preek weer een grotere plaats krijgt in de R.K. eredienst en het sacrament gezien moet worden in het geheel der liturgie. Iemand schrijft dan ook:

"Sacramental theologians in particular must step back from their work, view the sacraments in the context of the whole liturgy, and try to develop a theology which embraces not only the sacraments in their essential matter and form, but the whole of liturgy."

Wanneer het schema spreekt over de aanpassing aan onze hedendaagse tijd is dit ook bedoeld als een tegemoetkoming aan "the pastoral needs of the people". Het gaat terdege om de R.K. gelovigen. Er wordt dan ook gesproken over "worship with the mind as well as with the voice; co-operate worship rather than private mass". Woorden als 'simplicity' and 'clarity' worden gebezigd. De gelovige moet Christus weer ontmoeten. Aan deze norm moet elke liturgische verandering zich onderwerpen.

"To respond to the difficulties and the real needs of men of our times — not to their indolence, nor to their superstitious tendencies, nor to that what is sinful in them, but to their need to discover Christ in signs that fully signify and which enlist their participation. The solution to this problem will never be a recipe, or a rule of thumb. It requires knowledge of the situation, pastoral sense, and an effort to find means of putting it into practice."

Om "the need of men of our times" te vervullen zullen gedeelten uit de Bijbel veelvuldiger in de kerkdienst gebruikt worden. Er zal meer geprekeerd worden en het avondmaal zal onder brood en wijn bediend worden. Bovendien zal de volkstaal meer in gebruik komen in de plaats van het Latijn.

De patriarch Maximos IV leverde nogal wat kritiek op het gebruik van het Latijn:

"Absolute value bestowed upon Latin . . . represents something rather abnormal, for, after all, Christ spoke in the language of his contemporaries. It was in Aramaic that Christ offered the first Eucharistic sacrifice. The Apostles and disciples did likewise. Saint Paul explicitly says, "For I pray in an (unknown) tongue, my spirit prays, but my understanding is unfruitful . . . Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with understanding, than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue (I Cor. 14:14-19)."

Op het concilie werd dan ook besloten:

The use of the Latin language, with the protection of special privileges, will be preserved in the Latin rite. Nevertheless, since in the Mass, the administration of the sacraments or in the other parts of the liturgy, the usage of the vernacular languages can frequently prove very profitable for the faithful, a greater place will be given to them, especially in readings, ad-

monitions, and certain prayers and chants, taking into account the rules which in this matter will be defined in the following chapters.

Het tweede punt dat genoemd moet worden zijn de beslissingen die er genomen zijn aangaande "the differentiation in terms of the needs of various peoples". Dit geldt vooral de kerken die in het zendingsterrein liggen. Ook voor deze kerken moeten er regels komen voor de eredienst. De moeilijkheid is echter, of de in de westerse wereld gebruikte liturgie wel in het culturele patroon passen van de oosterse wereld. Wij spreken nogal eens over de primitieve volkeren, maar wij hebben te gemakkelijk de conclusie getrokken dat de cultuur van deze volkeren niet zo zinrijk is. Door eenvoudigweg over te schakelen naar de westerse cultuur breken we stuk wat eerder door het evangelie moet geheiligd worden en tot dieper ontlooiing moet worden gebracht.

De R.K. kerk heeft dit ook ingezien en heeft het volgende besluit genomen.

When the faith or the general common good is at stake, the Church does not wish to impose rigid uniformity, even in the liturgy; on the contrary, it respects and encourages the gifts and spiritual qualities of different peoples or nations. Everything which is not indissolubly linked to superstition and error in the customs of peoples, (men gaat dus wel voorzichtig te werk) is studied with an open mind; if possible, the Church protects and welcomes it. In addition, it is admitted into the liturgy if it is in accordance with the character of an authentic liturgical spirit.

Dit is een belangrijke zaak die hier aan de orde gesteld is. De niet-christelijke socioloog en antropoloog verwijt de christenen nogal eens dat zij door hun zendingswerk de cultuur van de primitieve volkeren vernielen. Dit is jammer genoeg in het verleden vaak gebeurd. Het is dan ook belangrijk dat hierin een verandering te bespeuren is. Aan de andere kant moet het ons verblijden dat de R.K. terdege grenzen gesteld heeft. Vooral de R.K. kerk heeft wel eens te gemakkelijk allerlei heidense vormen opgenomen om hen maar te winnen. Dit is een soort aanpassing welke met het evangelie in strijd is. Het is ook voor ons als protestanten van belang dat we het evangelie niet in de culturen van deze volkeren laten opgaan. Op dit gebied liggen problemen die zeer ingrijpend zijn. Een oppervlakkige training voor zendeling kan zeer gevaarlijk zijn voor de voorbereiding van het evangelie.

Hoe wij ook over de besluiten van het concilie mogen denken, we moeten blij zijn, dat het een beslissing genomen heeft inzake "the 'class' distinctions in marriages, burials, etc."

In the liturgy, apart from distinctions based on liturgical function and sacred orders, or to civil authority by virtue of liturgical laws, there should be no respect for persons or conditions of life, neither in ceremonies or external solemnities.

Ondanks deze veranderingen, heeft de R.K. kerk haar leer, b.v. omtrent de transsubstantiatie (verandering van brood en wijn in het lichaam van Jezus) en de ingestorte genade bij het bedienen van de sacramenten niet gewijzigd. We zullen dit in het oog moeten houden. Toch mogen we het feit niet voorbijzien dat de bijbel een belangrijker plaats in de eredienst krijgt. En zou die bijbel niet dezelfde kracht bezitten als in de tijd van de Reformatie?

Wij willen nu eerst de artikelen serie over het Vaticaans concilie beëindigen aangezien het concilie verder nog weinig concrete besluiten genomen heeft. We zullen geduld moeten hebben tot het na-jaar wanneer het concilie voor de derde (de laatste?) keer bijeenkomt. Wij hopen t.z.t. onze artikelen voort te zetten. Het ligt in mijn bedoeling om nog een artikel te wijden aan de vraag: wat moet onze houding tegenover Rome zijn? Misschien vind ik ook nog gelegenheid om enkele boeken te bespreken over het concilie waarin belangstellenden geïnteresseerd mogen zijn. Misschien kan men dit onderwerp eens behandelen op een mannen- of jeugdvereniging.

Twee vragen komen ongetwijfeld

VROUWEN RUBRIEK

Redactrice: Mrs. A. Wagenaar
67 Victoria St., Blenheim, Ont.



Women at the Tomb

Jesus was buried, and the Sabbath was nearly over. It began to dawn toward the first day of the week when we see the two Mary's starting on a very lonely walk. Just imagine yourself how lonely this walk must have been. Their journey had a purpose; they had a big job to do. They carried spices with them to embalm the body of Jesus. Probably they did not have time to make preparations earlier. This journey to the tomb must have been very lonely and sad, for they were still mourning the death of their dear Lord and Saviour.

Now as these two women came to the place of their destination, they were deeply shocked. What had happened! Where was Jesus! The stone was rolled away from the sepulchre. Who could roll away this heavy stone? Did they steal the body of their Lord?

Oh no, they did not expect anything like this. The expected to find Jesus body still wrapped in the clean linens, lying in that dreary tomb. What a sad experience for these two women.

These women did not find what they were seeking. A great surprise awaited them. Amazement and fear encountered them as they see the angel of the Lord at the open grave, sitting on the rolled away stone. The angel of the Lord had descended from heaven and it was he who had rolled away the stone. The women were so astonished, yes, they were lost, and did not know what to think about all this. But the angel of

the Lord spoke to these women and said "fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where he lay. Go tell, go tell it quickly the Lord has risen today!"

What a wonderful and beautiful message this was. The hearts of these women were overwhelmed with joy. A miracle so amazing, so great, that it was almost impossible to believe. After they had received this wonderful message they were not wasting anymore time, no tarrying at the grave, they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and joy and they did as the angel told them.

When they started out on this journey, it was very sad and tragic. But at the end it became the very opposite. A wonderful surprise, and a wonderful message did they receive, but also a most wonderful task it was that these two women received. A task to go and tell, to witness that the Lord had risen from the grave.

This task is not only for these two women but holds also for us. We, too, must go and tell it quickly to a world lost in sin and misery.

Witness for our Lord! How joyful this can be. Thank God for Easter! We have a risen Saviour! Death cannot keep his prey! The victory is won!

Go tell, go tell it quickly!
The Lord is risen today!

(Mrs.) Jean Van Geest

bij ons op. Hoe denkt men over het resultaat en wat mogen we in het najaar van 1964 verwachten? We laten hierover prof. Berkouwer aan het woord t.a.v. een televisieforum.

"Het zullen wel gemengde gevoelens zijn evenals we die konden bespeuren in het televisieforum op 4 december uit Rome. Daar kon men voor mijn besef die gemengde gevoelens duidelijk aflezen — door de bijzondere openhartigheid en doordat niemand een blad voor zijn mond nam. Het waren gevoelens van aarzeling, onzekerheid en een voorzichtig vertrouwen. Dit laatste niet in een lichtvaardigheid: eind goed — al goed (de derde zitting) maar op grond van wat nu dan al weer verleden is (1e en 2e zitting). Het is te begrijpen dat men ook momenten van teleurstelling tegenkomt. Men verwachtte veel van de 2e zitting en wat daar konkreet uit voortgekomen is, is allerminst spectaculair. Daarover bestaat nauwelijks verschil van mening. Veelmeer is bijna alles onaf gebleven. Het schema over de openbaring (na het konflikt november '62) vernieuwd ter tafel, kwam nog niet weer aan de orde. De discussie over de 'collegialiteit' der bisschoppen leidde wel tot een duidelijke meningsvorming (het resultaat van een "opinie-peiling" was drie-vierde) maar het kwam nog niet tot resultaten en de klacht werd vernomen, dat er kontra-krachten zijn, die ondanks dit resultaat hun eigen weg blijven gaan, op hun hoede tegen gevaren. Dan is er het schema over het oekumenisme, dat eveneens ter sprake kwam, maar niet werd afgehandeld. En bijzonder trok de aandacht het feit, dat een woord van het Concilie (de Kerk) over de joden en over de godsdienstvrijheid (wie denkt hier niet aan kardinaal Bea?) tot nu toe niet gesproken werd, omdat het blijkbaar — op het concilie — gekompliceerder lag dan men had gedacht. Ook hier richtten zich de gedachten op het volgende jaar . . .

Zo gaat Rome de 3e zitting tegemoet. Innerlijk leeft de spanning voort, ook over de aard der beweging die in kerk en theologie — in diepe samenhang — zich baanbrak. Gaat het om een revolutie, die zichzelf nog

niet bewust is van de gevaren of om een invloed van het evangelie zelf, dat niet geboeid is en kan worden (2 Tim. 2:9).

Op die vraag moet en zal een antwoord komen. Zo niet in de laatste zitting, dan in het leven der Kerk zelf buiten het concilie, omdat de roep om duidelijkheid niet te ontgaan is. Die duidelijkheid kan komen in een afwijzing van de roep om deze vernieuwing in een nieuwe "integralistische" fase der Kerk. Dan is de toekomst donker, ook voor gesprek en contact vanuit het evangelie. Het kan ook zijn een duidelijkheid, die minder zeker schijnt dan de andere maar waarin ruimte blijft voor dat evangelie, dat ook verontrustend de Kerk blijft begeleiden op weg naar de toekomst en in het licht van het Woord Gods, dat het oordeel begint bij het huis Gods (1 Ptr. 4:17) en dat uitgesproken *Jeruzalem* met lampen zal worden doorzocht (Zefanja 1:12), woorden die ook in R.K. kring een nieuwe aktualiteit hebben gekregen. Bij deze laatste "ruimte" zal het gesprek, verre van relativistisch te worden, aan kracht en diepte kunnen winnen. Dat roept tot (niet werkeloos) afwachten in de conciliare tussentijd."

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Oproer komt in Nederland niet veel voor.

Ons volk is gelukkig nuchter genoeg om te verstaan, dat onwettig en gewelddadig optreden als regel tot niets leidt. Toestanden als op Cyprus, in Frankrijk en in de Afrikaanse landen komen hier als regel niet voor.

Zelfs stakingen zijn niet populair bij ons volk.

De Nederlandse historie kent enkele gevallen van volksbewegingen, die met geweld gepaard gingen, zoals het Boter- en Kaasoproer, het omver werpen van het regenten-stelsel in 1672, dat uitliep op de gruwelijke moord van de beide De Witten, de strijd tussen de Patriotten en de Prinsgezinden in de Franse periode en de aardappelreletjes in 1917 op de Amsterdamse eilanden.

Doch als regel, behalve tijdens de Franse Revolutiejaren, waren deze onlusten spoedig weer voorbij en werden de tegenstellingen door overleg en niet met geweld beslecht.

Toch leek het er de vorige week even op, alsof de aardappelen weer tot moeilijkheden zouden leiden. In Frankrijk waren de boeren, ontevreden over de lage prijzen voor hun produkten, al enige keren naar steden opgerukt, om met hun tractoren en landbouwwagens het verkeer lam te leggen. De Nederlandse aardappeltelers hielden ook een demonstratie, door naar Den Haag te rijden en zakjes met 2½ k.g. aardappelen uit te delen aan het publiek.

Of het veel indruk heeft gemaakt?

De demonstranten klaagden er over, dat zij, bij hun overigens ordelijk optreden, door de politie te veel buiten de binnenstad waren gehouden en dus niet konden doordringen in de buurt van de regeringsgebouwen.

Zo kwam het protest niet tot zijn recht. De vrouwen en kinderen, die gratis de piepers in pikten, waren de boeren natuurlijk dankbaar, doch vonden het meer een vernakelijk geheel dan een steun bieden aan een demonstratie.

Een tijd lang kregen de boeren slechts 8 cent per k.g. voor hun aardappelen, omdat de uitvoer stokte en de oogst in 1963 groot was geweest. Sommigen kregen ook het lid op de neus. Dit waren de "speculanten", die in het na-jaar, toen de prijzen goed waren, niet hadden verkocht, omdat ze in het voorjaar, net als in de lente van 1963, hogere prijzen verwachtten.

Intussen zijn grote voorraden uit de markt genomen, die voor veevoer worden gebruikt en heeft ook Minister Biesheuvel een extra-tje van f 750.000,— uit het landbouw-egaliseringsfonds ter beschikking ge-

steld. De rust is wel teruggekeerd, doch tevreden zullen vele telers nog wel niet zijn. Dat is trouwens een boer ook niet zo gauw.

Zoals men weet, zijn er drie Nederlandse boerenkolonies in de Staat Paraná in Brazilië. Deze hebben, ongeacht de aanvankelijke moeilijkheden, prachtig werk verricht, wat ook voor hun beurzen niet onfortuinlijk was. Toen wij het vorig jaar een aldaar werkende predikant, die met verlof in Nederland was, vroegen hoe het ging, was zijn antwoord: "Zij klagen, dus gaat het goed!"

Niemand van de Calvinist-Contact-lezers grijpe na dit grapje

overhaast naar de pen, om de redacteur te bekogelen met ingezonden stukken. Schrijver dezes is een rasechte boerenzoon en blijft in zijn hart altijd nog een boetje boer. Hij heeft het grootste respect voor de bodders, die door hard werken en sober leven er wat van maken. Er zit in het boerenleven een wonderlijk mooi stuk zelfstandigheid, dat echter niet mag overslaan in stugge koppigheid.

In onze hedendaagse maatschappij wijzigt zich ook de structuur van het agrarisch leven. Het is niet een zuiver particuliere gelegenheid meer. In Nederland, en mij dunkt, ook in Canada niet.

Landbouw in de ruimste zin van het woord schakelt over naar wat men zou kunnen noemen: agrarische industrie.

In onze eeuw zijn de vele facetten van het economisch leven veel nauwer met elkaar verweven, dan een eeuw en zelfs een halve eeuw geleden.

Men is ook niet meer vrij in de ouderwetse zin van het woord. De

Overheid heeft a finger in the pie, de distributie vraagt een belangrijk percentage van de verkoopprijzen (wat b.v. bij de Nederlandse boeren ontvredenheid opwekte, daar de consumentenprijs het drijvende bedrog van wat zij betaald kregen), de lonen van de landarbeiders worden opgetrokken in verhouding tot die van de industrie-arbeiders, de mechanisatie vraagt hoger investering, etc., etc.

In Nederland zitten we dan nog met het probleem van een met elkaar in overeenstemming brengen van het landbouwbeleid en de richtprijzen in al de zes landen van de E.E.G. (the Common Market).

Sinds 1945 en reeds daarvoor is de landbouw mede van boven af, door overheidsmaatregelen gebonden. Dit geldt de eigendom, de pacht, de schadeuitkeringen bij onteigening, de prijs van bepaalde produkten (melk, suikerbieten c.s.), de werktijden van het in loondienst werkend personeel en op nog veel meer punten.

Het gebruiksrecht is in de wet zo sterk beschermd, dat er nauwelijks van eigendomsrecht sprake is.

Bij verkoop van landbouwgronden was men eveneens van een prijsbinding afhankelijk, doch die is het vorige jaar opgeheven.

Daardoor zijn de landbouwgronden flink in prijs gestegen, hoewel de goedkeuring van de pachten door de grondkamers wel een remmende invloed heeft. Het loont nog steeds niet om kapitaal in land te beleggen, omdat de rentabiliteit zeer laag is. Alleen bij eigen gebruik en ter ontcoming aan inflatie, kan aankoop van land profi-tabel zijn.

De leider van de oppositie in de Tweede Kamer, Dr. Vondeling, heeft nu een initiatief-wetsontwerp ingediend om de prijsbeheersing van landbouwgronden weer te herstellen. Doch de Minister van Landbouw, Mr. B. W. Biesheuvel, heeft er in een televisiegesprek reeds op gewezen, dat hij daar niets voor voelt. Jarenlang is een prijsstijging aan de gang, doch de landeigenaren (een tijdlang ook de huiseigenaren) waren daarvan uitgesloten. De landarbeiders verdienen praktisch evenveel als de werknemers in de industriële bedrijven, zelfs de arbeidsuren heeft men on-

geveer gelijk gesteld, zodat op zaterdagavond en zondag de boer zich maar moet zien te redden, terwijl de arbeider met de boord om — zoals men dat uitdrukt — aan de kuier is, maar de grond, vaak de enige bron van inkomsten voor de eigenaar, moet goedkoop blijven.

Men voelt hier het socialistische addertje onder het gras. Heel deze naoorlogse gang van zaken heeft natuurlijk nog een gevolg gehad.

Door de regelingen van boven af is de boer gewend aan ingrijpen van de Regering, maar heeft zich ook bij hem de gedachte vastgezet, dat diezelfde Overheid hem een redelijk bestaan moet garanderen. Dat is nu eenmaal de consequentie van het dirigisme. De tuinbouw is veel meer vrij gelaten en moet dus ook eigen boontjes doppen. Die heeft jaren dat er "goud" wordt gemaakt en jaren, dat er geld bij moet. Doch de landbouwer (veeboer) is er al meer en meer op ingesteld, dat de richtprijzen zo hoog worden gesteld, dat hij naast betaling voor zijn arbeid, compensatie voor investeringsinterest, ook een flinke ondernemerswinst mag declareren.

Als de berekening van het Landbouw Economisch Instituut op de bedrijfsresultaten van de Canadese boerderijen werd toegepast, dan neem ik aan, dat zij op papier alle met verlies wrken.

Prof. Prins heeft niet voor niets opgemerkt, dat onze democratie steeds meer onttaart in bureaucratie.

Dit zelfde verschijnsel bedreigt onze publiekrechtelijke organisatie. En vandaar dat de sympathie voor de P.R.O. sterk aan het slinken is.

De gevaarlijke afzwakking van de eigen verantwoordelijkheid, ook van de boerenstand in Nederland, is een bedenkelijk verschijnsel.

Wij mogen dankbaar zijn voor een Minister van Landbouw in dit Kabinet, die niet alleen internationaal voor de belangen van de Nederlandse landbouw weet op te komen, die nationaal uit eigen ervaring de problemen kent, doch die ook zonder aanzien des persoons de persoonlijke verantwoordelijkheid, ook van de boeren, telkens weer voorop stelt.

Cn.



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GEZINSVERZORGING — SPAREN
OUDEDAGSVORZIENING

SCHERVEN-MIE

door Go Verburg

(28)

Die waarheid staat zo muurvast geworteld in zijn brein, dat zelfs dominee De Wet hem daar niet van af heeft kunnen brengen. Melissen keek zelfs heel verbaasd, toen de dominee daar over begon. Dat kwam zó: Jan Rikker was gestorven en zijn zoon had de zorg over de begrafenis. De ochtend voor dat de Vader begraven zou worden, kwam de jonge Jan Rikker vragen of Melissen het graf al klaar had.

"Nee," zei Melissen. "Ik maak voor jouw Vader geen graf. Hij moet me eerst die tien gulden nog terugbetalen, die ik vannacht aan hem geleend heb."

Jan Rikker kon geen woord zeggen, zo ontsteld was hij door dat gekke verhaal.

"Ja, nou hoef je niet zo gek te kijken," ging Melissen onverstaanbaar verder, "want vannacht is je Vader bij mij op bezoek geweest en toen heeft hij me gevraagd, of ik een graf voor hem wilde maken naast dat van Mientje Molenaar, waar hij vroeger verliefd op geweest is. Ik zei: Dat kan, Rikker, maar dat kost je een tientje, want voor niks gaat de zon op. Toen begon je Vader te kermen, dat hij geen cent meer had, want de jongens hadden toch al ruzie over de erfenis en het geld was zó secuur verdeeld, dat hij van niemand een cent terug kon krijgen. Wát! jullie hebben allemaal toch al te kort geërd, zei je Vader."

De jonge Jan Rikker kon nog steeds geen woord uitbrengen. Hij stond over zijn hele lijf te trillen als een espenblad, want hoe wist die gekke koster, dat ze ruzie gehad hadden over Vader's erfenis?

Terwijl hij hem strak bleef aankijken, ging Melissen verder: "Ze hebben me tot op m'n hemoed toe uitgeldeed, die jongens. Bij m'n lijf hebben ze het geld na staan tellen, dat ik bij me droeg toen ik stierf. En nou heb ik geen cent meer, Melissen, zei je Vader. Ik, die heel m'n leven hard gewerkt heb voor m'n jongens: ik heb geen cent meer over en ik wil toch graag naast Mientje begraven worden."

Weet je wat, Ridders, zei ik, jij leent van mij tien gulden en daarmee betaal je mij die extra kosten. Het moet toch gek gaan, willen je jongens mij dat tientje niet terugbetalen. Als ik je zoon

Jan zie, die voor de begrafenis moet zorgen, zal ik er hem direct naar vragen.

Dat kan niet, zei je vader, want die jongens van me hebben al jaren geaasd op m'n geld.

Wat, zei ik weer, dan graaf ik geen graf, voordat ik dat geld heb.

Om kort te gaan, Jan Ridders: ik krijg van jou een tientje, want ik heb je Vader een mooi graf beloofd, vlak bij Mientje Molenaar."

Lijkbleek zocht Jan in zijn portemonnaie naar een tientje en hij betaalde. Maar toen hij goed en wel weg was, snapte hij dat de doodgraver hem voor de gek gehouden had. Woedend is hij toen naar de dominee gegaan en de dominee op hoge benen naar Melissen.

"Hoor'es, dominee," zei Melissen, "Rikker heeft al z'n leven veel van Mientje gehouden, ook toen ze allebei met een ander getrouwd waren. Mag ik dan voor een goeie dienst geen tientje vragen? En dominee wist best, dat geen mens gelooft, dat Jan Rikker dat zelf is komen vragen en dat ik best dat graf gegraven had, zonder dat die snotneus mij kwam manen. Je voelt toch wel dominee, dat het een gekke boel zou worden, wanneer ik het anders gezegd zou hebben? Dan zouden de mensen denken, dat de oude Rikker werkelijk bij me geweest was, om te klagen over zijn jongens en dat zullen ze toch niet willen? Dominee moet weten: ik lieg altoos en dat weten de mensen."

Dominee De Wet is hard het kerkhof afgelopen, want hij kon zich niet langer goed houden en hij heeft het verder maar zo gelaten. Maar dat praatje van die erfenis leeft nu nog in het dorp en het schijnt dan toch wel waar geweest te zijn...

"Laat mij dat boompje maar eens voor je poten, Mie," biedt de doodgraver aan. "Ik ben het graven gewend en ik wil graag een boom boven het graf van de pottenbakker poten, want ik heb een zeven-oorspotje van hem, dat ik nog alle nachten gebruik. Het was een goed zevenoorspotje."

Maar Mie weigert. Hij mag graven, dat wel, maar ze wil zelf poten.

Terwijl ze daarmee bezig zijn, vertelt de doodgraver: "Gisteren sprak ik je Vader nog. Hij zei: Die dochter van mij redt zich best; ze verdient alle dagen dik geld en van de kletspraatjes trekt ze zich niks aan."

Mie lacht. Ze kent de verhalen, die over deze man de ronde doen.

Hij kijkt verbaasd op, geleund op zijn schop. De kraaienpootjes naast zijn ogen trekken samen, maar zijn ogen staan ernstig.

"Je gelooft me niet," moppert hij. "Dan zal ik je wel vertellen, wat de levenden me gezegd hebben. Gisteren was dominee De Wet hier en die vroeg me, of ik je eens langs wilde sturen, wanneer je met je pottenschuit in het dorp kwam. Zijn vrouw heeft behoefte aan een paar inmaakpotten, zei hij."

Dit verhaal klinkt aanvaardbaar. Die man zal toch niet alles liegen?

"Zei dominee dat?"

"Ja, gisteren. Hij was hier voor de begrafenis van Grietje van Stijn. Heb'ie Grietje nog gekend? Vier weken voor haar dood kwam ze met een kous vol vierkante stuivertjes, om het onderhoud van haar graf te betalen. Veel meer mensen moesten stuivertjes sparen voor hun graf, want ze vergeten gedurig, dat ik voor ze klaar sta, wanneer ze maar willen."

Daar gelooft Mie weer niks van, maar direct na haar bezoek aan het kerkhof trekt ze aan de bel bij de dominee. De turfzak heeft ze aan Melissen gegeven. Nog een beste zute jak, waar hij knoken in kan doen voor de kachel, heeft hij gezegd. Ze kan zelf ook wel eens een zakje komen halen...

Mevrouw De Wet zelf doet open. "Inmaakpotten? Nee, nooit over gepraat!" zegt ze beduusd, wanneer ze van de eerste schrik — duidelijke schrik — van dit bezoek hersteld is. "Wie zegt dat?"

"Melissen, de doodgraver," verontschuldigt Mie zich. "Hij zei dat dominee gezegd had, dat ik even aan moest komen."

"O, Melissen..." lacht ze zuurzoet. "Die..." Dan neemt ze Mie op van het hoofd tot de voeten, zodat Mie zich onzeker en onprettig voelt worden, "als je even wilt wachten, dan zal ik m'n man vragen... Misschien heeft hij zelf... Misschien wil hij je spreken."

Dat blijkt dan het geval te zijn; dominee heeft aan Melissen gezegd, dat Mie langs moest komen, omdat hij eens met haar praten wil en het op zijn leeftijd een beetje bezwaarlijk vond om dat hele eind langs de dijk... enfin, dat begrijpt Mie wel... terwijl ze bovendien overdag dikwijls met de pottenschuit vaart... hij lacht goedmoedig en begrijpend... wat aan de zellsport doet en toch ook haar inkopen moet doen in de stad.

Mie valt van de ene verbazing in de andere; ze

(Herplaatsing wegens foutieve datum.)
Op 23 Maart hebben wij met onze geliefde ouders en grootouders

HENDRIK ZANTINGH
en
KLAASJE ZANTINGH—OTTEN
de dag herdacht dat God hun 35 jaar geleden in het huwelijk verbond. Tevens vierde op deze dag grootvader Jan Otten zijn 85ste verjaardag.

Dat zij nog lang gespaard mogen blijven is de wens van hun dankbare kinderen en kleinkinderen.

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The International Association for Reformed Faith and Action is sponsoring this year its fifth *International Reformed Congress* on the theme, "The Church, its Place and Mission in the Contemporary World".

From August 21 through 28, members of the Reformed family from around the world shall gather for that event at the Conference grounds "Woodschoten" in Zeist, The Netherlands.

Bible-studies, group and plenary discussions, reports and lectures on the Congress theme shall be conducted by Reformed leaders from various countries. Speakers will be: Dr. J. Borges dos Santos (Brazil), Prof. Dr. J. Cadier (France), Dr. L. Coenen (Germany), Prof. G. N. M. Collins (Scotland), Dr. H. Denks (Germany), Dr. Pierre Ch. Marcel (France), Prof. Dr. W. Stanford Reid (Canada), Prof. Dr. Herman Ridderbos (The Netherlands).

Subjects to be dealt with are: The Challenge of the New Testament Church; The Place and Mission of the Church; The Power of the Reformation in the Contemporary World; The Mission of the Church to the World; The Unity of the Church; Bible-studies on Revelation 2 and 3.

The main languages used will be English and German. It is hoped to have available mimeographed copies of the studies and lectures in both languages.

The congress fee (including meals, lodging, etc.) will be 125 Dutch Guilders (appr. £12.5; DM 140; \$36); for students 100 Dutch Guilders (appr. £10; DM 110; \$32).

For further information and registration, contact the *Congress Secretary*: Dr. C. Boertien, Heibekstraat 33, Geldrop, The Netherlands.

FARMS TE KOOP

Wij hebben verschillende farms te koop, dicht bij de Chr. Ref. School en Kerk, rond Woodstock en Ingersoll, met en zonder melkcontract, in het hart van Oxford County. Mocht U iets zoeken en beschikt U over enig downpayment, dan kunnen wij U helpen aan het benodigde vee en implements tegen bank interest.

Voor verdere informatie bel

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Mrs. J. WYBENGA
BOX 73 BEACHVILLE, ONT.

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aambeien, bedwat., blaasontstek., pijnlijk of moeilijk urineren, bloed-arm-zenuwzwakte, gal en leverkwalen, gassen, hoofdpijn, huiduitslag-zweten-puisten-jeuk, maag en darmkwalen, -zweer, nierontst. en steen, reuma of enige andere slep. ziekte? Vererger uw toestand niet door het slikken van giftige pijnstill. dingen, doch neem de alom geroemde, gegar. onschadelijke Florageneeskruiden. Ongelooflijke resultaten.

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Tevens: **HOLLANDSE KAMERPLANTEN**: Ster van Bethlehem, Flamingo-plant, Hertshoornvaren, Begonia Rex, Acalypha, Achimenes, Aphelandra, Beloperone, Bougainvillea, Christusdoorn, Hibiscus, Franse Geranium, Paarse Hang-Geranium, en Geranium Black Vesuvius.

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te St. Catharines, Ont. (Trinity), J. Piersma te Grand Rapids, Mich.
te Newmarket, Ont., J. Zantingh te Bloomfield, Ont.

Bedankt

voor St. Catharines, Ont., R. Leestma te Grand Rapids, Mich.
voor Sioux Center, Iowa, J. C. Verbrugge te Bowmanville, Ont.

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naar Montreal, P.Q., J. P. Drost te Lethbridge, Alta.
naar Inwood, Iowa, H. Colenbrander te Guelph, Ont.
als manager of Kirkside Inc., home for retired ministers, missionaries and full-time workers, H. Franken te Abbotsford, B.C.

Rev. C. G. Bons, voorheen te Barrie, Ont., die vorig jaar naar Nederland terugkeerde en aldaar nu legerpredikant is, heeft zich opnieuw beroepbaar gesteld voor de Reformed Churches in Canada.

Ds. D. J. Karres van Voorburg, Nederland, zal de Ned. Herv. Kerk vertegenwoordigen op de Synode van de Ref. Church en wil daarna Canada bezoeken en kennis maken met de Ref. Church over geheel Canada.

FREE CHR. REF. CHURCH

Beroepen

te Chatham, Ont., J. Overduin te Aldergrove, B.C.
te Hamilton, Ont., J. Brons te Bunschoten, Ned.

The Messenger vermeldt, dat Ds. P. op den Velde van Mijdsrecht voor zes maanden de gemeenten Red Deer en Edmonton, Alta., zal dienen. Een bericht in "Kerknieuws" vermeldt dat Ds. Op den Velde ziek is en binnenkort een operatie moet ondergaan.

EASTERN CANADA MINISTERS' INSTITUTE

A meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 31st, 1964 at 9:30 a.m. in the Rehoboth Christian Reformed Church of Toronto. The Rev. D. N. Habermehl will speak on "Evangelism Today". In the afternoon Prof. Donald R. Wilson on "Christian Anthropology. All ministers of the Chr. Ref. Church are urged to attend.

Evangelism Course

Classis Hamilton of the Chr. Ref. Church decided to organize an Evangelism Course for the instruction and guidance of all who are interested and involved in Evangelism work.

All six courses will be held in the First Hamilton Christian Reformed Church, corner Hess and Charlton Sts. and start at 8 p.m.

Speakers are: Rev. J. Quartel, Pastor of the Immanuel Christian Reformed Church, Hamilton; Rev. A. W. Schaafsma, Pastor of the Burlington Christian Reformed Church; Mr. H. Boehm, Evangelist Calvary Chapel, Hamiltin.

APRIL 1

Rev. J. Quartel, "Motives and Need for Evangelism"

Calvin College A Capella Choir

Onze lezers in de omgeving van Hamilton en Sarnia zullen binnenkort opnieuw in de gelegenheid zijn het bekende Calvin College A Capella Choir onder leiding van Prof. Seymour Swets te beluisteren.

Voor Hamilton is het concert vastgesteld op maandag 6 april. Op het moment dat wij dit schrijven is ons de datum voor Sarnia nog niet bekend, doch wij vernemen dat plaatselijke bekendmakingen zullen worden gedaan.

The John Knox Christian School of Woodstock will be in need of **QUALIFIED EXPERIENCED TEACHERS**

for the school term 1964-1965. Kindly send your application stating qualifications and salary requirements to Mr. S. Visser, 50 Finkle Street, Woodstock, Ont.

Drayton Calvin Chr. School will be in need of

TWO TEACHERS

for the lower & intermediate grades, by Sept. 1964. Applications to be sent to G. Lubberts, Sec., R.R. 2, Drayton, Ont.

The Calvinistic Christian School of Wellandport requests applications of qualified experienced

TEACHERS

for the 1964-65 school year. Applications stating qualifications and present salary to be sent to the principal, Mr. H. K. Bergsma, R.R. 1, Wellandport, Ont.

Live and teach in the Beautiful Canadian Northwest.

PRINCIPAL NEEDED

to teach grades 4, 5, 6, and 7. Teaching experience required. New school just completed. New three-level home provided. Excellent salary and working conditions. Present principal leaving for University study. Send applications to Houston Chr. School, Box 237, Houston, B.C.

Timothy Christian School Association of Toronto is in need of a

PRINCIPAL

and TEACHERS

for its 8-room school. Please apply to Timothy Christian School, % E. Meyers, 8 Byng Ave., Rexdale, Ont.

The Calvin Christian School of Trenton is in need of a

QUALIFIED TEACHER

for the lower grades, by September 1964. Salary according to Ont. Alliance schedule. Five room school. Please send applications or inquiries to: Jack Stam, Secretary, Box 361, Trenton, Ont.

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We look for an allround, well-experienced

Teacher

to do special work in our school with respect to: acceleration, enrichment, testing program, etc. This is a full-time job with excellent salary for qualified person. If you are interested, contact without delay the principal, Mr. A. Hengstman, 764 Murphy, Sarnia, Ont.

By Sept. 1st, 1964,
**JOHN KNOX
CHRISTIAN SCHOOL,
WYOMING, ONT.,**

will need a

TEACHER

for the intermediate grades. Applications may be submitted to F. De Vries, Principal, Box 81, Wyoming, Ont.

APRIL 8

Rev. A. W. Schaafsma, "The Approach to People"

APRIL 15

Rev. A. W. Schaafsma, "Various Types of People"

APRIL 22

Mr. H. Boehm, "The Organization of Evangelism Work"

APRIL 29

Mr. H. Boehm, "The Methods of Evangelism Work"

MAY 13

Rev. J. Quartel, "How to Activate the Congregation".

EVERYONE is cordially invited to attend.

There will be ample time for discussion.

THE HOME MISSIONS COMMITTEE

Ditmaal zal het programma zijn ingesteld op het z.g. Liturgische jaar. Er zullen nummers ten gehore worden gebracht verband houdende met Adgent en Kerstfeest, de Opstanding en de Wederkomst van de Heiland, terwijl het concert zal culmineren in lof- en dankliederen tot God.

Het programma opent met drie grote koralen van Bach's Kerstmis Oratorium. Verder zullen ten gehore worden gebracht werken van Russische componisten en van componisten van de twintigste eeuw.

Our enrolment goes over the 300-mark and we need **TEACHERS**

as follows:

ONE in the Prim. Dept. to replace one who wants to specialize in Home-making; ONE additional to the 2 we have for 4 & 5; ONE for grade 6; and ONE for grade 8, who is also to teach Soc. St. in 9 & 10. **KNOX CHRISTIAN SCHOOL,** Bowmanville, Ont.

The Immanuel Chr. School at Aylmer, Ont. will be in need of

ONE TEACHER

for the intermediate grades. Starting September 1964. Kindly send your application, stating educational background, experience, references and salary requirements to Mr. Floor Saarloos, Sec., R.R. 1, Kingsmill, Ont.

The Brantford Christian School will be in need of

A TEACHER

for the lower or the middle grades, by September 1, 1964. Enrollment in either group will be approximately 25 pupils. Please send your application to the Principal, Mr. J. Kooistra, 407 Marlborough St., Brantford, Ont.

THE HOLLAND MARSH CHRISTIAN SCHOOL needs a

QUALIFIED TEACHER

for grades 5 and 6 for the 1964-65 schoolyear. Please send letters of application, stating experience, qualifications and references to R. W. Van Dyke, R.R. 2, Newmarket, Ont.

If you can replace a

SICK TEACHER

in Grade 5 for the remainder of the school year and, perhaps, earn an appointment for next year, write and give full information to **KNOX CHRISTIAN SCHOOL,** Bowmanville, Ont.

The John Knox Christian School of Brockville, Ont., requires a

QUALIFIED TEACHER

for either the lower or the middle grades. Enrolment in either group 30-35 pupils. Applications to be sent to the Secretary, Mr. D. Weima, R.R. 3, Brockville, Ont.

Due to expansion, the Wallaceburg Calvin Christian School is in need of a

THIRD TEACHER

for the Junior grade by Sept. 1964. Applications to be sent to the Principal Mr. P. Fedlama, 138 Blake St., Wallaceburg, Ont.

DUNDAS, ONT.

Due to expansion we have opening for

TWO TEACHERS

for grades 2, 3, and 4. Experience preferred. Please apply to Mr. J. Stronks, Principal, % Calvin Christian School, R.R. 2, Dundas, Ont.

The John Calvin Christian School Society, Guelph, Ont. will need a

PRINCIPAL

by September 1964. Please write to J. Pranger, Secretary, 6 Dunkirk St., Guelph, Ont.

The Jarvis Can. Chr. School will be in need of

QUALIFIED TEACHERS

by Sept. 1st, 1964. Please send your applications to the Principal Mr. Th. Bergsma, Box 104, Jarvis, Ont.

INVITATION

The Consistory of the Chr. Ref. Church of

DRAYTON, ONT.

is pleased to announce that the dedication of the new church building will take place on Friday, April 3, at 8.00 p.m., the Lord willing. The Consistory extends a hearty welcome to all who will join in this happy occasion, especially former members of the Drayton Church.

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**CALVIN MEMORIAL
CHR. SCHOOL,
ST. CATHARINES,**

will need

A PRINCIPAL AND TWO TEACHERS

by September 1964.

Applications may be sent to A. Vandermaas, M.D., 10 Norris Place, St. Catharines, Ont.

Timothy Christian School Association of Toronto is in need of a

QUALIFIED TEACHING PRINCIPAL

for the new school it hopes to open Sept. '64 in the locality of the Rehoboth Church, Burnhamthorpe Road, Etobicoke.

OTHER QUALIFIED TEACHERS will be needed for both schools, grades 1-5. Please apply to Timothy Christian School, % E. Meijers, 8 Byng Ave., Rexdale, Ontario.

The "John Knox" Christian School, New Westminster, B.C., will be in need of several qualified

MALE & FEMALE TEACHERS

for the primary and intermediate grades, starting September 1964. Kindly send your application, stating qualifications, experience, references and salary requirements to F. Leenstra, Secretary, 8637 - 11th Ave., Burnaby 3, B.C.

Chatham's Calvin Christian School is in need of a

TEACHER

for the intermediate grades, for the 1964-65 school term. We offer attractive salary and pleasant working conditions, in a modern 7-room school. Please send letters of application, stating experience, qualifications and references to Harry Schenk, R.R. 1, Chatham, Ont.

The Thunder Bay Christian School Society, Fort William, Ont. is in need of

TWO TEACHERS

for lower and intermediate grades, due to one vacancy and expansion, by Sept. 1964. Salary according to Ont. Alliance schedule. Qualified teachers preferred. Please send letters of application or information to the Sec., Mr. T. Bakker, Hy-mers, Ont.

The Athens Christian School will be in need of a

TEACHER

for the lower grades, by September 1964. Our present teacher is going back to school for further qualification. For those interested to fill this vacancy, please ask information or send your application to the Sec., J. Vander Kloet, R.R. 1, Delta, Ont.

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Due to the fact that two of our staff members wish to further their education, Springdale Christian School will need

A PRINCIPAL AND A TEACHER

for the lower grades. Springdale is located only 25 miles from Metro Toronto. Please apply stating qualifications and experience to: Leon Radder, R.R. 4, Bradford, Ont.

Langley Christian School is in need of

2 TEACHERS

for grades 1-2 and grades 3-4. For information contact Tony van der Wal, 20452 - 102 Ave., R.R. 4, Langley, B.C.

The Calvin Christian School, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is in need of

TEACHERS

for grades 2-6. Please send applications, stating qualifications and experience to Mrs. T. Polet, Sec. Ed. Comm., 692 Dunrobin, E.K., Winnipeg (Man.). Many opportunities for courses in education at the University of Manitoba.

The Timothy Christian School in Barrie, Ont. will be in need of a

QUALIFIED TEACHER

for the 1964-65 school year. Please apply or write for information to Mr. B. Schali, R.R. 1, Thornton, Ont.

The "JOHN KNOX" Christian School, Clarkson, will be in need of

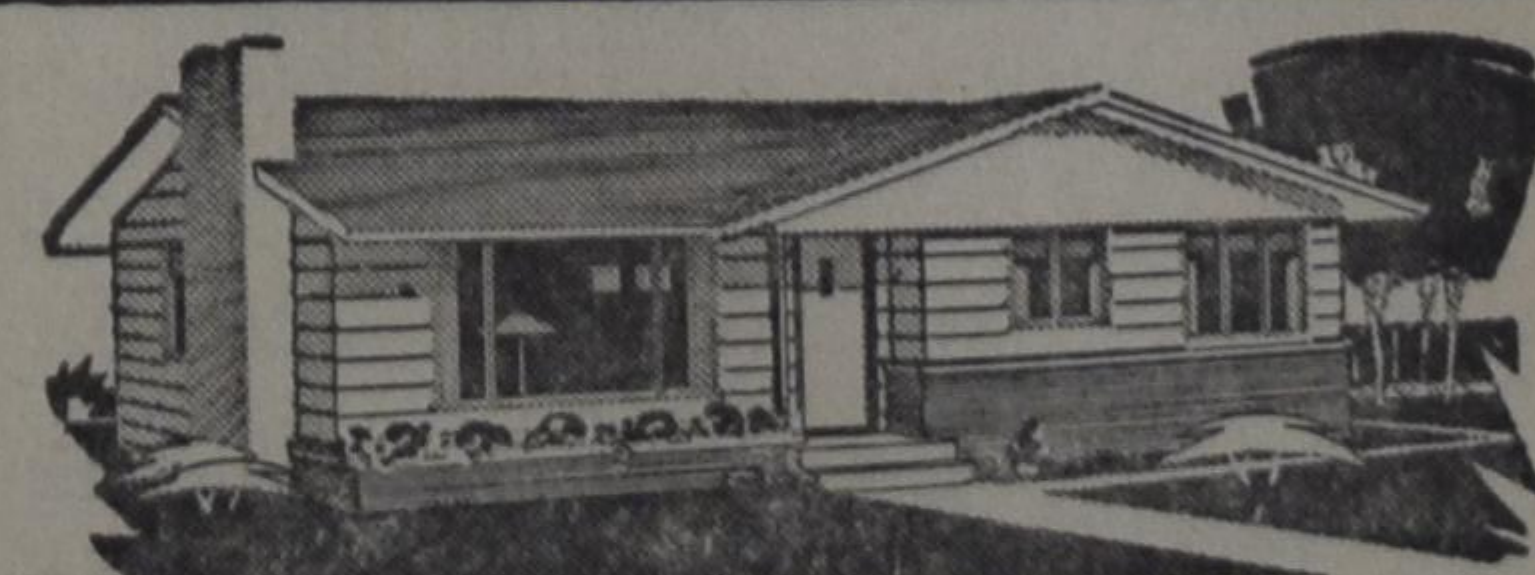
Two Qualified Teachers

for the primary and intermediate grades, starting September 1964.

Clarkson is conveniently located on Highway # 2, approx. 20 miles west of Toronto.

Kindly send your application, stating educational background, experience, references and salary requirements to:

Mrs. E. Geleynse, Secretary, P.O. Box 54, Clarkson, Ont.



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De Gereformeerde Kerken in Nederland en de Wereldraad van Kerken

De Synode van de Gereformeerde Kerken in Nederland sprak uit op de vergadering van donderdagavond 5 maart:

1. Dat de kerken in de gehoorzaamheid aan de Heilige Schrift haar oecumenische roeping behoren te vervullen en dat deze roeping tot gehoorzaamheid voortdurend de aandacht van de kerken en haar vergaderingen behoort te hebben;

2. Dat het bij het vervullen van deze oecumenische roeping geen bezwaar hoeft op te leveren, dat de grondslag van een oecumenisch verband, indien deze grondslag maar niet in strijd komt met de Heilige Schrift en een duidelijk christologisch karakter draagt, niet geheel samenvalt met de eigen gereformeerde belijdenis;

3. Dat vanuit confessie en historie van de gereformeerde kerken geen bezwaar kan worden ingebracht tegen een oecumenisch verband met kerken, die hoewel zij niet alle als kerken in de volle zin van het woord erkend behoeven te worden, toch de aangenomen grondslag ten volle voor haar rekening nemen en zich daarop willen laten aanspreken;

4. Dat de wijze, waarop een goede grondslag in oecumenisch verband voor de oecumenische organisatie zelf functioneert, een doorslaggevende verandering kan worden om zich bij zulk een verband aan te sluiten of aangesloten te blijven, bijvoorbeeld, wanneer afwijking van deze grondslag zal worden getolereerd;

5. Dat zulk een oecumenische organisatie niet aansprakelijk kan worden gesteld voor uitlatingen van niet-afgevaardigde leden der in oecumenisch verband aangesloten kerken, die afwijkingen van wat in de grondslag is uitgesproken en die helaas in hun eigen kerken daarover niet of niet voldoende worden aangesproken;

6. Dat voor het vervullen van de oecumenische roeping niet mag worden volstaan met wat door de kerken reeds wordt gedaan in het kader van de gereformeerde oecumenische synode en in dat van de in de wereldraad geïntegreerde internationale zendingsraad voor wat betreft de arbeid der zending en voor wat betreft de diakonale arbeid in het kader van het wereld-diaconaat.

7. Dat, wanneer men het bijzondere karakter van de Wereldraad van kerken als een poging om de vervallen en verscheurde kerk in de gehele wereld meer aan haar wezen en opdracht te doen beantwoorden, in het oog houdt, de grondslag van de wereldraad met name in zijn in New Delhi 1961 gewijzigde vorm als grondslag van dit bepaalde oecumenisch verband kan dienen en dat in de wijze, waarop zijn grondslag functioneert, volgens de aan de synode verstrekte gegevens geen doorslaggevende verandering voor de

gereformeerde kerken gerezen is om zich bij de Wereldraad van kerken aan te sluiten.

8. Dat de synode echter, alvorens in deze tot nadere beslissingen te komen, aan de kerken ten volle de gelegenheid wil geven van het thans ingenomen standpunt kennis te nemen en zich over deze materie in het licht daarvan nader te bezinnen, zulks in verband met de gesteldheid in de kerken, waarover die oecumenische roeping en met name over de wijze waarop de grondslag van de wereldraad functioneert toch groot verschil van inzicht bestaat.

9. Dat daarbij de praktische consequenties van en eventuele aansluiting bij de wereldraad van kerken voor het interkerkelijk contact op landelijk en plaatselijk niveau nader beraad vereist;

10. Dat er alle reden bestaat dat de kerken nader worden voorlicht, waarvoor het rapport van de deputaten goede diensten kan bewijzen.

Wat nu de draagwijdte van deze besluiten betreft zou men het geheel als volgt kunnen samenvatten, dat de Gereformeerde Synode niet afgeschrikt wordt door de wijze waarop de basisformule, die zoals men weet in 1961 in New Delhi werd aangevuld, functioneert in het werk van de Wereldraad, waarbij de Synode zich nadrukkelijk beperkt tot de aan de synode verstrekte gegevens.

De wijze waarop de basisformule, de grondslag, of de belijdenis van de Wereldraad is dus geen verandering voor uitbreiding van de bestaande oecumenische contacten voor de Geref. kerken.

Dit betekent niet, dat aansluiting nu een feit geworden is.

De Synode heeft Deputaten benoemd, die als taak hebben, de reakties uit de kerken op deze uitspraken te verwerken en daarvan aan de volgende Synode verslag uit te brengen.

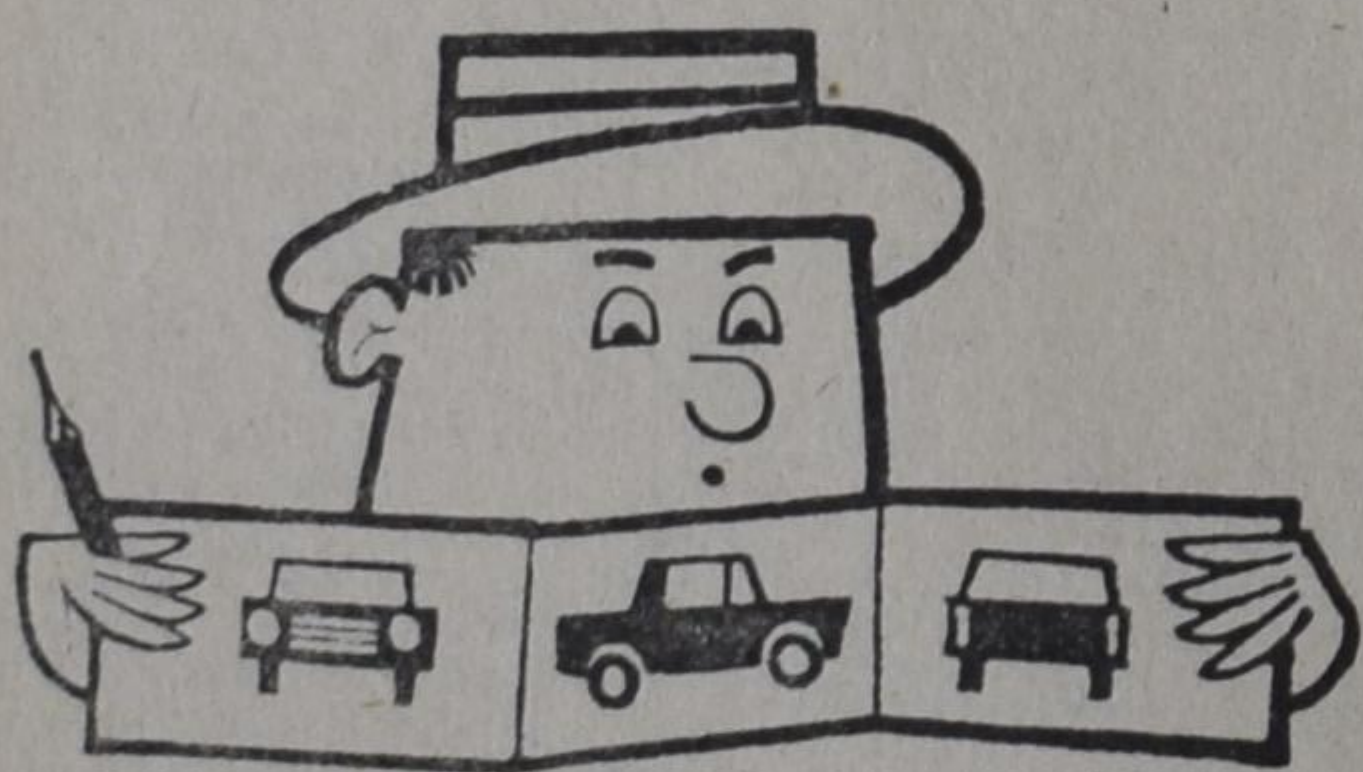
Voorts zullen ook de kerken, waarmee de Gereformeerde Kerken in Nederland samenwerken in de Gereformeerde Oecumenische Synode in de gelegenheid worden gesteld haar oordeel over deze uitspraken te geven.

Eerst nadat de eigen kerken en de kerken van de Geref. Oecum. Synode hebben gereageerd en blijkbaar een zekere bereidheid tot het nemen van verdere stappen hebben gedemonstreerd, zal het voorstel tot aansluiting op een volgende Synode ter tafel komen.

R. Kooistra.

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\$2,000	\$175.81	\$120.14	\$ 92.34	\$ 75.65
\$3,000	\$263.72	\$180.21	\$138.51	\$113.48

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Hi Neighbours!

The Story of a Nail

Off the coast of Malaya lies a small emerald isle known as Sumatra. Nowhere in the world is the tropical jungle more dense than on this island, and yet it is populated by an estimated eight million people.

Hubert Mitchell, a missionary, had dedicated himself to the purpose of taking the Gospel to the wild Kubu tribesman of the interior. As Mitchell and his native workers fought their way into the jungle, the tropical sun beat mercilessly on their backs. The dense undergrowth resisted every step.

But to Hubert Mitchell, the big problem connected with the journey was not the inaccessibility of the Kubu tribesmen, it was not the hard work and the stifling heat. A question bothered him: How can I explain the reality of God's love to these illiterate, stone age people? How can I make them understand the purpose of the sacrifice made on Calvary?

They advanced to the middle of a clearing and suddenly found themselves surrounded by the entire village, fierce-looking warriors, ready for action at a moment's notice, the chieftain of the Tribe watching with narrowed eyes at the men who dared to invade the privacy of his jungle home.

At that moment, Hubert Mitchell became aware of normal sounds, barking dogs, crying children . . . and the missionary smiled. As the chieftain and the villagers watched they were intrigued by that soul-warming smile and slowly their hostility faded. The missionary was quick to sense their interest, and instead of following out the usual practice of presenting them with beads, buttons, and fishhooks, he lost no time telling them about the love of God.

Hubert Mitchell began by telling them the story of Jesus Christ. He related from the Bible the account of Christ's suffering and trials before His crucifixion. As the missionary told about the cross and the part that it played in the death of God's Son, the Chief frowned and looked as though he wanted to speak. The missionary paused and waited.

"What is a cross?" the chief asked.

A look of surprise crossed Mitchell's face. He wondered for a moment how he might describe a cross to these people who had never seen or heard of one.

Turning to his native workers he told them to cut down a small tree and strip it of its branches. Then he fastened two of the larger pieces in the shape of a cross and placed the object before the chief. The native leader looked at the cross with great interest . . . but wanted to know more.

"How was Christ fastened to the cross?" That was the next question asked of the missionary, and to better illustrate what happened, Hubert Mitchell laid the cross on the ground and stretched himself upon it. Lying there with his arms outstretched, he told how the soldiers had driven nails into Christ's hand and feet.

But the chief still had another question, he wanted answered. He asked, "What is a nail?"

So! The people of the village had never seen a nail! Well, that would be easy to explain. "A nail is . . ." but Hubert Mitchell stopped. How did one describe a nail? He looked around for something that might resemble the object. But there was nothing in the entire village that even looked like a nail. The chief waited, the question in his eyes unanswered. Hubert searched his own gear. Couldn't he find a nail somewhere? Just a small nail? A pin? But there was nothing. He gave up his search, admitted to the chief that he could find no nail.

The chief had no further questions. Hubert was filled with frustration and deep concern. "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost." The line from the nursery rhyme nudged his consciousness. The battle was lost in the nursery rhyme. But the stake was higher here. Would a whole native village be lost from the love of God for the want of a nail?

Quite dejected, Hubert began his evening meal of rice and fish. Usually for dessert he had fruit or a piece of native sugar cane.

But, on this night he idly picked up a can of Japanese oranges from his supplies and absent-mindedly began to open it. He poured the oranges into a dish and started to toss the can to a group of curious children nearby; but before the can left Hubert's hand he heard a rattling sound inside it. Curiously he looked inside. He looked more closely. His eyes opened wide in amazement. There in the bottom of the can was a nail! His mind was flooded with wonderment, almost disbelief — but the fact remained, there was a nail!

Taking the nail in his hand Hubert Mitchell rushed to the chief. The village quickly gathered. Then the missionary showed how the point of the nail was pounded into the hands and feet of the Saviour. The chief held the nail in his own hand, pressed it into his own flesh. He could see how strong it was, how sharp.

Now the story of Christ was real to them; the cross and the nails were tangible things.

The chief and the whole village accepted Christ as their Saviour. The chief was so moved that he left his village and acted as guide on a two weeks' trek through the jungle in order that Hubert Mitchell might preach the Gospel to all tribesmen of the area. And throughout the entire trip, clutched tightly in the chief's hand, was the nail . . . a never-to-be-forgotten symbol of the suffering and death of the Saviour who had become his Lord and Master.

Hubert Mitchell found as many other missionaries have, that it takes tangible things to make the Gospel story clear to people. Not only in the Far East, but among Eskimos the same holds true.

A missionary of the United Church working among these people in the frozen North found many difficulties. We who are accustomed to the story of Calvary find it easy to accept, but to Eskimos the expression "Lamb of God" is foreign. They have never seen a lamb and can not understand its sacrificial purpose when referring to the Son of God. This missionary in question in preaching the Easter story only met blank stares. He felt he had to reach them with a visible illustration which would have meaning to the Eskimos. He began to talk about the seals. This was a subject they understood, and smiles lighted up their faces. To bring the best seal as a gift, that was familiar to them. And how surprised the missionary was some months later when an Eskimo stopped in for a chat and asked him to repeat that wonderful story of the "Seal of God". We may smile at these stories, but let us not forget how easy it is for us to accept the facts of the Bible, simply because the tangible things spoken of are familiar to us.

Familiarity breeds contempt is a proverb which is very true. We have become so familiar with the stories of the Cross, the tomb, the sacrificial death of the Lamb of God, that we have lost the wonder of it. Easter may be just another day on which Spring is formally ushered in, and our children may be as excited over the Easter basket as they were about the Christmas tree.

Tangible things — are we on the way of losing the enthusiasm of the unseen to the excitement of that which we can see and feel? Christ said to Thomas: Blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed.

(The story of Hubert Mitchell is supplied by "World Vision Inc." and is a true story.)

May I wish you all the true blessings of the Easter season.

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PRINCE GEORGE,

Centre-City of British Columbia

Some 50 miles west of the Rocky Mountain foot hills, at the confluence of the Fraser and Nechako rivers lies the city of Prince George.

Ideally situated, almost in the geographical centre of Canada's westernmost province, the city today ranks amongst the fastest growing communities on this continent. During the past four years it saw a population increase of no less than 40%.

For some years now it enjoys the undisputed reputation as the "Western White Spruce Capital of the World", due to its complex lumber industry. The foregoing is no overstatement caused by perhaps too much Tartan Beer (brewed in Prince George), established facts are that the annual lumber cut exceeds 840 million board feet, an average of 1,000 car loads of lumber are shipped far and wide.

Small wonder the city seems impatient today; ever since the first white dropped into Prince George some 170 years hence, it took over one hundred of these years for the community to blossom out into more than a lonely outpost.

Railway steel pumped life into the almost forgotten settlement in 1910. Overnight it became a wild and woolly free-spending frontier town. It didn't last long, boom years came to an end in 1920.

During the Second World War a \$5 million airport and other multimillion dollar army installations put the city back on its feet again. But the best fact of 'em all was the sudden development of the lumber industry in this area.

Since then is has been good going for Prince George. Lumber jacks to make Prince George their permanent residence.

Hinged by a network of railroads, highways and air routes leading to all directions, the city is the logical focal point for northern development, the hub for northern and central transportation. An active provincial government in Victoria sees to it that the business world will not overlook the opportunities available north and west of Prince George.

The huge Peace River Hydro Power project undertaken by the publicly owned B.C. Power and Hydro Authority makes northern B.C. all the more attractive. As direct result is the construction of the 80 million dollar pulp and paper mill just outside the city limits, with more pulp mill developments pending.

Also secondary industry is looking favourably upon B.C. Hub city, adding to the city's economical strength.

Looking after the wants and needs of the 25,000 strong population of the city plus another 20,000 in the direct trading area takes something. Over 300 retail-outlets serve the prosperous area, department stores, food chain stores, the

independent merchants, all vie for the consumers pay, also are three modern shopping centres on the drawingboards, 2 to be completed by this summer.

Keeping pace with the fast growth, the city's administration can boast of 100% sewer and water services and they carefully plan residential and light industry areas with adequate parks and recreation facilities in the city.

Modern schools house over 8,000 pupils, and the completion of a Vocational School and College allow students to further their training at home.

Also tourism is fastly becoming an important contributor to Prince George's fortunes. Main stop-over for travellers to Alaska, either north or west, north-central B.C. has some of the finest lakes and rivers for fishing and other outdoor sports.

A young, active Christian Reformed Church meets every Sunday in a rented hall, but land has been acquired for a future building of their own. The congregation is served by a home missionary, the Rev. G. H. Polman, and took an active part in last summer's Crusade conducted by Dr. Leighton Ford, the well-known Canadian-born associate evangelist of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Team. Members of this church have established Sunday Schools, also for children of non-christian homes.

Adequate housing (although contractors can hardly keep up with the demand for residential and commercial building), modern shopping and recreational facilities, make the vigorous city a good place to live and work. Increased effort to supplement a largely lumbering based economy with other industries meet with good success, on the threshold of this country's rich natural resource fields, today Prince George may look forward to prosperous future.

Mining and also agriculture are both up and coming adding to the considerable interests we are witnessing from across the nation.

We invite readers of C.C. to write for more detailed information, by contacting Mr. H. C. W. Meyer, % P.O. Box 455, Prince George, B.C.

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HOW TO MAKE READING MORE FUN

When you were in school, about 90 per cent of everything you learned came through reading. As an adult, the pattern is not much different.

Yet, according to a Chicago research firm, most people stopped learning the skill of reading somewhere between the third and sixth grades — and far too many people lost the habit of serious reading to improve their minds soon after they slammed their schoolbooks shut for the last time.

If you're not a great reader, turning over a new leaf can be doubly rewarding: not only will you be keeping up with the world and the interesting people in it, you'll also be more likely to get a better job.

Top-level executives in all fields agree that the man who reads more achieves more. Correlation between success and reading can actually be expressed in terms of dollars. In a recent survey made by International Paper Company, 100 company officers earning over \$7500 a year were asked, "How many magazines, books and newspapers have you read in the past week?" The total of their answer: 338 magazines; 53 books; 1490 newspapers.

The same company then asked 100 men in the same age group whose salaries had never reached \$7500 a year. The total for them: 229 magazines; 28 books; 1177 newspapers.

Those in the more responsible, high-paid positions read almost 25 per cent more publications in all than the latter group. Evidence that men who read more achieve more.

Can you learn to enjoy reading more? Yes, say experts at New York City's Reading Laboratory, Inc., whose developmental reading program is used in more than 100 schools and colleges and by several hundred industries throughout the United States and Canada. Follow these five steps to better reading, as recommended by the Reading Lab.

1. **Pre-read first.** Before you begin to read anything for information, give it a quick, searching scrutiny to decide how much will be useful for you to read. Sometimes scanning an article, for example, will give you all you need to know of it, with a consequent saving of time.

2. **Read in phrases, not word-by-word.** Phrase reading not only increases speed, but also improves comprehension and concentration by "keeping the mind busy." You

can think much faster than you can read, since your mind naturally moves faster than your eye. If you read slowly, your mind is free to wander and think of other things; but by reading, in phrases, your eyes keep your mind absorbed with more material; you are reading the same way you think — in whole groups of words.

3. **Concentrate when you read.** The greatest impediment to efficient and retentive reading is inattention. Your mind must be fully engaged. The unsure reader casts his eyes back a word or two, or a line or two, because he is afraid he has missed something. With untrained readers this fault is habitual, and it is a killer to rapid reading because it slows the pace with interruptions. Unless a reader concentrates and keeps his mind engaged, these "regressions" will continue to plague him, and he will never become an efficient, rapid reader.

4. **Master skipping and skimming.** These two time-savers are used almost entirely in reading information material, and grow directly out of pre-reading. Skipping means that, on the basis of prereading, you jump over large sections of material. When you skim you cast your eyes down a page of type without actually reading but looking for significant phrases or important facts to stop you. The technique lies in learning how to skip and skim with confidence that you are missing nothing important.

5. **Build your vocabulary.** Rapid efficient reading depends, above all else, on a wide vocabulary. Most people have a vocabulary which can be divided into three categories: **Active** (words they use regularly in speech); **Reserve** (words they know but do not use



in conversation, though they may in writing); and **Passive** (words they recognize as images when they come across them but are never quite aware of what they mean and so never use them). If this is a fair estimate of your own vocabulary, your target should be not only to acquire new words but also to move words from your reserve and passive categories into your active vocabulary. Remember, you are never quite sure of a word until you speak it and use it in conversation.

Perhaps you're one of those who say they just can't find time to read; there are probably twenty books you've always wanted to read, but never got around to. Then set aside an additional half hour a day just for reading. Pick any time that suits your schedule — but once you set it, stick to it. As soon as you finish one book, start another. By the end of the year, you'll have read an extra 180 hours or so — enough time for at least twenty or thirty books.

How do you choose the books you read? A friend's recommendation may hit the spot once in a while, and by all means, read the

bestseller list. But don't stop there. A book review will give you a better idea of what you may like — especially if you're familiar with the reviewer. Read the reviews regularly. Try this, too: give your librarian a list of your ten favorite books. She'll find more that you may enjoy.

Never feel guilty about not finishing a book that bores you, no matter how popular it is; most people imagine that something deadly dull must be "deep".

Finally, you'll probably find reading much more fun if you make it a family affair. Encourage children by setting aside some time each night just for reading. It's a good idea for you to read the same books your youngsters read; you'll be able to answer their questions more easily.

Ask your children to read aloud. This does wonders for their self-confidence. Praise them when they do well. Help them to learn, as you have, that reading is a main route to self-improvement, whether the purpose is to get a better job, or just to keep up with the world and the interesting people in it.

Keeping time through the ages

by John Vriesinga

"What time is it?" you ask yourself or others a dozen times a day. One swift glance at your watch or the clock on the wall gives you the answer accurate to the minute or the second if you wish. But did you ever stop to think of the centuries of ingenuity and hard work that lie behind that one swift glance.

People have been "telling time" almost ever since time began, first using the sun, the moon and the stars as the only "time pieces" available in the day time and augmented by jagged rocks of other objects that cast a slowly moving shadow.

How soon man learned to deliberately construct such a shadow casting object with a dial around it dividing the sunny days into twelve hours nobody knows. Someone in those "timeless" ages however did find out that the shadow travelling around the dial was not very dependable, due to the changing seasons, and the corresponding altitudes of the sun.

The next step overcame this drawback quite satisfactorily. People learned to build a concave pit through which the shadow travelled indicating the time of the day with much greater accuracy. The sun dial of Ahaz, of which we read in the story of Hezekiah (Isaiah 38) was in all likelihood of this type. By the way, this sun dial is the earliest preference to time keeping by sun dials known. Sun dials were to be man's chief means of telling time for many centuries to come, so he

bent his ingenuity to improve them still further.

It wasn't long after the sun dial of Ahaz that people discovered a way to avoid the spherical pits. By pointing the shadow casting object towards the pole star in the northern hemisphere and carefully calculating the angles for the different hours of the day they developed a time keeper that proved it's worth to as late as the fifteenth and sixteenth century. As a matter of fact this type of sun dial may still be seen ornamenting lawns and gardens.

If you think that they were clumsy and not the handiest things to carry around it may surprise you to learn that people did get around to constructing sun dials one could carry in his pocket quite easily.

They were made in the form of a ring shaped band with a sliding centre in which the tiniest hole was punctured. You set the slide at the appropriate month of the year, pointed the hole toward the sun and watched the ray of light strike the more or less correct hour of the day, marked on the inside of the band.

This instrument was the most dependable and standard time piece until fairly recent history. The main drawback of this portable sun dial was that it left one in the lurch on cloudy days and helpless at night.

But man's mind never stopped in its effort to develop a dependable time piece. They got pretty

close in what today is still known as the "water clock" or clepsydra.

Again it is impossible to say with any accuracy who invented the water clock, and when, but it is fairly certain that the instrument was already under construction when Ahaz built his sun dial.

Actually the water clock is the forerunner of what later came to be called the hour glass, that served Father Time quite so well as he is always pictured with one of those sand filled glasses in his hand.

The water clock started out on much the same principle as the hour glass. Instead of sand it used water that dripped at a known speed from one container into another.

However, the water clock was to have a much more fascinating and glamorous development than the hour glass. A float in the rising water connected with and activating real intricate machinery opened the door to endless possibilities.

Not only were water clocks made that pointed the hour of the day with a great degree of accuracy, they were also made to sound the hour of the day by pushing little chunks of metal into a bell-like bowl. Real elaborate water clocks featured soldiers marching out of opening doors, sword fighters drawing their weapons etc.

The Romans and Greeks used these clocks extensively and there is evidence that they were in general use throughout all of Europe during the Middle Ages. Each self respecting village needed a water clock in the market square with an attendant seeing to it that it never ran dry and the villagers sending down someone now and again to ask the man what time it was.

The main drawback of the water clock was that it needed so much attention and in this respect the hour glass had the advantage. All you needed to do to keep it running was to turn the thing upside down. Hour glasses were used a lot in churches, as late as the end of the seventeenth century, perhaps mainly to keep the minister in check. You can easily picture a preacher, wearily watching the sand run out, while he was only halfway through his third point, and the reaction of some of his listeners when the good parson announced that to do justice to his text he needed another "glass" as the saying had it.

In the meantime sun dials were still in wide use also and often proved to be the most accurate keeper of time, even after the invention of the clock mechanism as we know it today.

Why, the sun dial, even though exactly right only on four days of the year, was never farther out than a quarter of an hour, which was saying a great deal, even after the invention of the clock driven by weights and gears somewhere towards the year 1000. This new type of clock, which was later to be considerably improved by the principle of the swinging pendulum, never had more than one hand. Why bother about minutes if you can't even be sure of the hour, seems to have been the reasoning of the clock makers.

To be sure these clock makers were no people to scoff at. They built their time pieces entirely by

hand, did all their own calculations, even cut their own gears by hand. Theirs is one of the oldest and noblest artifacts of history.

From the weight driven to the spring driven clock was not too big a step and from thereon to the watch people could carry in their pockets was not too far either, although a modern watchmaker will not have much trouble in pointing out to you the tremendous mechanical advances that had to be made in order to produce the first pocket watch.

It was a thing somewhat shaped like an egg that opened with hinges and showed a dial and . . . still only one hand. Nevertheless the industry experienced a tremendous interest in this type of watch; it was still hand-made and it seems that its chief function was that of raising the social status of its owner several notches, depending on the miniature paintings and gold and silver work or even diamonds with which it was adorned.

At any rate they were quite the rage, even though they didn't keep time very well.

One poet used them to drive home a well-known point,

*'t Is with our judgment as our watches —
none go just alike, yet each
believes his own.*

And Charles Dickens relates a conversation in his book "Dombey and Son" as follows:

"Here's a watch for you my lad. Put it back half an hour every morning and a quarter towards noon and you'll have a watch that'll do you credit".

The man speaking these words wasn't attempting to be funny either.

This type of clock or pocket watch lingered as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. From then on improvements accelerated as watch makers around the world, and especially the Swiss, learned to put increasing skill and experience into their time pieces, and industrialization gradually took over what individual workmanship had not been able to do alone.

It is related of an American Watch Company around 1850 that they boasted a production of seven watches a day, a statement that drew derisive laughter from old style watch makers. "Where will you sell seven watches a day?" they scoffed.

The fact of course is that this company went on not only to make many thousand of watches but also to sell them. They gradually developed into the kind of watch you have on your wrist today and that tells you the time of day or night at a mere glance; if you haven't forgotten to wind it that is.

Is there still room for improvement in watches and clocks? The introduction of the electric clock has eliminated even the need for winding. Without power failure it can run almost indefinitely.

Perhaps the next step in watches is a transistorized one with the tiniest of batteries or maybe a sun cell. And then we'll be just about back where the history of time keeping started.



Prostitution or Love

BY DR. CALVIN SEERVELD

God told Hosea to marry a faithless woman. He did it. And he didn't know for certain when the children came whether he was the father. Finally he couldn't take it anymore. I read chapter two, when he speaks to his children, and as prophet of Jehovah as Jehovah to the children of Israel. This is the Word of God, in the mouth of the prophet Hosea, speaking to the children.

Go fight it out with your mother!

For she is not my wife; so I am not her husband.

Go plead with her to get rid of her dirty sex-life that sticks out on her face, and her flaunting, adulterous, breasty demeanor!

If she doesn't stop, I'll strip her naked like the day she was born and set her up somewhere! I'll make her like a wasteland, like a piece of dirt dried out, dying of thirst!

I feel no compassion for you children, for you are children of whoring—

Your mother is a whore!

The one who brought you up has behaved debaucherously, for she has said (again and again), "I will run after my paramours for they give me my meals, water, my wool, linen, oil, my drinks!"

So I am going to block her way with bushes of thorns, wall her up all around so she can't find her way: so that when she chases her "lovers" and can't get ahold of them, when she seeks them out but never finds them, then she will say, "I think I'll go back to my first man, for things were better with me then than now—"

she didn't realize I was the one giving her the grain and wine and oil, that I gave her all the silver and gold they turned into Baal trinkets.

That's why I'm going to take back my grain and wine at just the right moment; I'm going to save my wool and linen, grab it away from covering her sex, yes, I'm going to undress her right in front of her erstwhile lovers, and not a man will (dare) snatch her out of my grip.

I'll put an end to all her frivolity, her parties, full-moon celebrations, "rest"-days, all her holidays; and her vineyard and fig tree which she says "Oh yes, that's just a little thing, a gift from my sweethearts"—I'll ruin it! I'll turn them into a jungle where wild beasts eat.

So I am going to requite her for the days she offered herself to Baal gods, decked herself out in earrings and jewelry, ran after her paramours and forgot, neglected me entirely —me, the Lord God Jehovah!

I am going to get her now, don't you see, so I can then draw her out into the deserted land for a heart to heart talk, so I can give her her vineyard there and a (green) valley near the Dead Sea as a kind of wedding ring (again); and then she will sing there, as she did in the days when she was young, like the day she walked out of Egypt land.

On that day—says the Lord God Jehovah—she will call me "My Husband" and not call me anymore "My Master". And I will remove from her lips the names of all other "masters" so they are never remembered by name.

On that day too I will close a covenant for her with the wild animals, creatures that fly in the sky, and snakes on the ground; the bow, sword and war instruments too I will eradicate from the earth, and let her (my people), live peacefully.

On that day—says the Lord God Jehovah—I will make a testimony in the heavens, and the heavens shall reveal it to the earth, and the earth shall proclaim it to the grain, wine and oil, and they shall speak out to Jezreel (the God-planted ones). And I will plant them for me in the ground; and I will show mercy to those who had no mercy, and I will say to those who were "not my folk", you are "my folk". And they shall say, "You are 'my God'".

I betroth you to me for ever.

I lawfully and legally hereby take you to be my wife, and promise to love you.

I wed you truly, (truly), so that you may know Jehovah!

You probably don't read Hosea very much if you perfume the Bible Victoriously and like to keep it in its Sunday best. God's Word in Hosea has a John the Baptist workaday roughness to it. The fact that his wife prefers the embraces of others to his own, sleeps and dallies with strangers, keeps on mincing around with a "for sale" sign out, it just sets his teeth on edge until finally he explodes and calls a spade a spade — giving us a piercing revelation of how God himself boils over toward his faithless covenant people.

Jealous God married to a whore! — that ironic — threatening to disown his children clustering around him, indignantly promising to shame her publicly, at the same time down on his knees in the dirt planting bramble bushes all around to fence his wife in —

can you imagine! is this Almighty! God? stooping to his wife's weakness

When I take away her sweets (she thinks her standard of living depends upon the success of her illegitimate love affairs), when I strip her of her well-being, says Jehovah, then maybe she'll come looking for me again. And then I can put the ring on her finger to seal our love permanently this time; I'll coax her to sign to me, and she will say "my husband"; and I shall make peace for her with all nations and all creation, and indeed, we will live happily for ever and ever, says the Lord Jehovah.

I don't know exactly how old you are. If you are still a child, yet sensitive to being disowned by God because your elders, subtly and deeply influenced by this American land of milk and honey, have been worshipping the gods of Success and Respectability, if you children sense that an unseen hand has started writing ICHABOD above the entrances of homes and churches, schools and government buildings, and you don't want God to leave, Hosea's prophesy says: don't come to God about it! go fight it out with your mother! Don't call Jesus Christ into question! Go plead with her who brought you up to stop flirting around! If you want the glory of God in your life enough, as a child, maybe you will have to leave father and mother and childhood church for His sake. That doesn't mean walk away; that's too easy. It means at least that if your mother and father sold themselves for solid gold Baal trinkets, don't you sell yourself for chrome or a two-bit fling. It means: don't prostitute your lifetime. To plead with your preacher to stop being a Kafka doorman doesn't mean criticize his flaws — critical talk is cheap: it means you become a better preacher, one that doesn't mouth stereotyped formalisms but cuts into hearts with the two-edged sword. Unless you leave your fickle Mother and judge those who have brought you up lukewarmly by actually sacrificing your self in love to God, child, says Hosea, you shall be disowned by God. And in another generation or so wild beasts will roam our towns, cities, countries, and continents.

If you are no longer a child, if you are of age, old enough to be married with God, and you are if you are old enough to do your own whoring, then you fall today under the weight of God's Word to the faithless wife of Hosea. But did you notice: God's Word of judgment is followed, finished, dominated by his Word of Grace! He aches to have us close to Him, to have us back. Despite our covert pride, ambition, our stubbornly taking in other lovers too, He still wants us, all for Himself, and is laying plans to get us, by pain, disappointment, confusion, despair, frustrated vitality — truly He works in mysterious ways — He is working and waiting for that baptismal ceremony that ties us to him legally to become a living reality, when we don't just say "My Master," "Mister," but whisper shyly "My Husband", "Lover". That is what God covets: our faith to meet his faithfulness. Faith is falling in love with God. And love cannot be argued: I'll believe, if you give me certainty. Love is not a contract: these benefits accrue for those premia. Love is a tug at the heart of a man and woman to spontaneously, joyfully submit to the other. Until you fall in love with God — and it's got to come naturally, says The Greatest Song — you leave God waiting at the altar, a passionate, generous, satisfying lover, who specializes in hopeless cases, those who are "not his kind of folk."

If you have the ears to hear Hosea's prophesy today:

I betroth you to me for ever.

I lawfully and legally hereby take you to be my wife, and promise to love you.

I wed you truly, (truly), so that you may know me, Jehovah!

then God has got his fishhook of love in your heart, and He will never let you go.

Our sins
He bore
For us
Our pains he had to bear
For we ourselves with all our sins
Have
Put
Him
There

This poem has been made by Doreen Westerning,
11 year old pupil of the Timothy Christian School
of Rexdale, Ont.

Good Friday

IN THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

"Man, you too, aren't you, one of these rough followers of the criminal?
All hanging hereabout to gather how he's going to bear Examination in the hall." She flung disdainful glances on
The shabby figure standing at the fire with others there,
Who warmed them by its flare.

"No indeed, my skipping maiden: I know nothing of the trial here,
Or criminal, if he so be. — I chanced to come this way,
And the fire shone out into the dawn, and morning airs are cold now;
I, too, was drawn in part by charms I see before me play,
That I see not every day."

"Ha, ha!" then laughed the constables who also stood to warm themselves,
The while another maiden scrutinized his features hard
As the blaze threw into contrast every line and knot that wrinkled them,
Exclaiming, "Why, last night when he was brought in by the guard,
You were with him in the yard!"

"Nay, nay, you teasing wench, I say! You know you speak mistakenly.
Cannot a tired pedestrian who has legged it long and far
Here on his way from northern parts, engrossed in humble marketings,
Come in and rest awhile, although judicial doings are
Afoot by morning star?"

"O come, come!" laughed the constables. "Why, man, you speak the dialect
He uses in his answers; you can hear him up the stairs.
So own it. We sha'n't hurt ye. There he's speaking now! His syllables
Are those you sound yourself when you are talking unawares,
As this pretty girl declares."

"And you shudder when his chain clinks!" she rejoined. "O yes, I noticed it.
And you winced, too, when those cuffs they gave him echoed to us here.
They'll soon be coming down, and you may then have to defend yourself
Unless you hold your tongue, or go away and keep you clear
When he's led to judgment near!"

"No! I'll be damned in hell if I know anything about the man!
No single thing about him more than everybody knows! Must not I even warm my hands but I am charged with blasphemies?"
— His face convulses as the morning cock that moment crows,
And he droops, and turns, and goes.

THOMAS HARDY

From "Grass of Parnassus"

A Small Giant...

BETHANY Christian Home

"Nearly 300 children given care last year in a Christian Children's Home supported by people of Reformed persuasion? How is it that we have never heard of it?" This is heard occasionally throughout the United States and Canada and yet in this year, 1964, Bethany Christian Home celebrated 20 years of care given to children.

Dependent and neglected children come for foster care



Confidential, thoughtful counseling with unmarried mothers



Christian social workers counsel with troubled parents and adoptive applicants

Two graduates of Reformed Bible Institute, Miss Mary De Boer and Miss Marguerite Bonema, had similar dreams; those having to do with giving homeless children a home and showing them, through words and deeds, the love of Christ. Upon their graduation they requested and received a license to care for a few children. As soon as they had determined that this was the Lord's plan for their lives, they accepted the offer of a friend to loan them money to purchase a large old house on 13 acres of land, only two miles from downtown Grand Rapids.

In this setting they cared for children for nearly seven years. Gradually they became concerned that the children upon leaving their care were being adopted by parents who were not always Christians. This was due to the fact that they did not have a license to do adoptive work. When they inquired about getting such a license they found they would have to have a Board of Directors and professionally trained caseworkers to do adoptions.

Consultations were held with business and professional men who had shown an interest in the Home and in 1951 the first professional caseworker was engaged to carry on this new activity, and a license was granted by the State of Michigan to care for children in boarding homes as well as in the Children's Home. License was also given so that adoptions could now be made in homes of people of

Reformed persuasion and counsel could be given to unmarried mothers seeking help.

This change in services did not change the reason for Bethany Home's existence, namely, to show Christ's love to the needy and homeless, but it did offer greater opportunity for service and permanent Christian homes for children who could not return to their own families.

The needs brought to our attention have continued to dictate the growth of the Home's services.

During 1963 there were 20 people employed full time at Bethany Christian Home in such capacities as professional social workers, housemothers, bookkeepers, clerical staff, a caseaide, and a maintenance man. There were 282 children in care, 170 unmarried mothers asked for help and 97 children were placed in adoptive homes.

Children are still cared for in the original old Home, purchased by the two women and located at 333 College Ave. S.E. in Grand Rapids, Mich., but it is increasingly becoming a fire hazard. All counseling and administrative work is conducted from a house converted into office space. Here, too, changes must be made since the house is no longer large enough to accomodate the growth that has taken place. The Board of Directors has decided that the 20th Anniversary year would be a good one in which to ask Bethany's loyal

friends to give money and their prayers so that a new home and a counseling and adoption center may be built on the 13 acres now containing the old home.

As you can tell from the above statistics, many lives are touched each year by this agency. Who knows what eternal dimensions may be reached through this effort? The adoption program alone has placed over 600 children in Christian homes, for life! Can you imagine a greater missionary effort?

Bethany Home's services are now available to people in Canada, as well as the United States. Unmarried mothers have come from Canada for help in their planning; children from Canada have been given care. The legal complications of adoptions have been explored and worked out, so that some adoptions are also being made in Canada.

Bethany Home depends on the prayers and gifts of Christians to continue the great challenge of its ministry.

Below is a reproduction of one of the folders which are distributed by Bethany Christian Home, Inc.

before you tell anyone else...

you have probably never felt

so all alone . . . so helpless . . . so frightened. Should you tell your parents about this . . . your pastor . . . your best friend? But then what . . . how can they help? What about marriage?

You want to run away from it all . . . but where can you go? Who will take care of you . . . how much does it all cost? How about school . . . can you continue . . . or can you get a job? So many questions to be answered all of a sudden! And about the baby . . . can an unmarried mother keep her baby? Should she? What will the child say when it finds out? What are adoptive parents really like? When must all this be decided . . . and is a lawyer needed?

You are suddenly facing the most important decisions of your life . . . but you don't have to face them alone.

We at Bethany Christian Home want to help you.

We can help you find the right answers to the hundreds of questions flooding your mind right now.

We can provide for your care now and help in planning your future after it's all over. We can help you find living arrangements sometimes with a private family or possible in one of the many maternity homes across the country. We can guide in making arrangements for medical and hospital care. We can provide care for your child in an approved foster home until the best permanent plan is decided upon. We help you make the most important decision of your life—your baby's future. If you so decide, we provide adoptive services. You will find the Bethany caseworker an understanding and loyal friend at a time like this . . . one who will treat you with Christian respect and sympathy. From long experience and professional training the Bethany caseworkers know how to help you work out the best solutions to your problems . . . in strictest confidence, of course.

Foster care at the children's home



Foster care in Christian boarding homes



Bethany's aim . . . Happy children in their own or Christian adoptive homes

Root out of Dry Ground

BY ARGYE M. BRIGGS

(30)

Taken out of her self-absorption by surprised pity, Jansie looked back at him. "Well, that is too bad," she said simply, then smiled wryly, "I reckon about any family is better than none at all! Who raised you up?"

Sadness deepened in the man's voice as he answered, "My father and mother have both died just this year. I was their only child, and I have no very near relatives, except a few cousins or so." He smiled and went on, "But I had the best parents any man ever had! Dad was a cotton farmer, and we didn't have much, but we were happy." Then he added, "I was thinking about them this afternoon, as I walked the prairie."

"I see." Jansie's tone was thoughtful. "I reckon you had to work, living on the farm that way?"

"Well," the man smiled, "It isn't hard on a boy to work! And it got me ready for these years of preparation for my life's job. It's been slow, going to school and trying to make a living, and I'm already thirty years old."

"Well, you don't look it," Jansie smiled back through the dusk.

Charles Robertson grinned at her. "Thanks," he said drily.

And suddenly, as she walked ahead of the tall young man, there in the soft twilight of the Texas prairie, the crippled woman knew the most exultant sense of happiness and well-being. Startled, she looked about her for some cause, but there were only the familiar reaches of the prairie. Yet, even they were hers with a quickened new realization of the senses. Through the clear, pale blue of the air, she could hear the distant sound of a cowbell. And somewhat nearby, in the scrub, a sleepy bird chirped out his content with the world of spring. Everywhere about them, as they walked, spread the rich scents of quickening life. High overhead, in the deepening sky of evening, a thin sliver of moon hung palely yellow.

Jansie groped for words in her mind to encompass this sudden joy, but all she could think of were some long forgotten lines from one of Annie's read-aloud old love novels, "If I'm never to have anything else' Annabella a proud face to the tender visage of her lover, 'If there is never to be any other joy for me in this vale of tears, I've had this, my darling, I've had this!'"

It was silly, Jansie remembered the high-flown words with a wry new understanding, But I reckon she did have that!

And I've had this, her thoughts went on with inevitable sureness to their own conclusion.

Chris was waiting for them as they came up to the wide-open doors of the smithy. Jansie remembered, with a pang of conscience, that she had been supposed to shorten the hem of Chris' homemade white graduation dress before the girl went back to spend the evening helping the other seniors decorate the high school auditorium. And here she had dawdled around up there on the knoll, talking about herself so long that she was too late to do it! She quickened her steps toward the figure in the glowing doorway.

As Chris stood leaning against one side of the wide door, her hands behind her, the firelight from the forge touched the outline of her figure with loving fingers. Hearing the sound of their steps, she had turned her head to peer through the semi-darkness toward them. The light fell on the heart-breaking sweetness of the line of her cheek and the soft fall of curls at her neck.

And in that moment, as clearly as if she were actually gazing from the eyes of the man behind her, Jansie saw Chris' beauty as he saw it.

She's so beautiful! she thought with a sudden hopelessness that pressed against her like a heavy hand. She's so beautiful and I'm a crippled old fool!

But the moment passed, and Chris hurried toward them through the shadows, just a worried girl in a homemade white dress. "Jansie!" Her voice was cross. "Where on earth have you been? I ate hours ago and put on my dress so you could fix the hem, and then you didn't come — oh!" she broke off in surprise at the sight of Jansie's companion.

Jansie's voice was quiet. "I'm sorry I was late, Chris. This is Mr. Robertson, the new preacher."

Chris smiled and held out a slender hand. "I didn't know Jansie had company," she apologized. "I wouldn't have been so grouchy."

He laughed aloud as if she had said something especially witty, and took the hand with quick fingers. "I'm hardly company," he answered, and to Jansie's over-perception, there was a new lilt in his voice. "Miss Jansie and I got to telling the stories of our lives and the time got away from us."

Chris smiled at them both with all the unconscious generosity of the truly beautiful woman, and led the way to the smithy door. "I'm almost late, Jansie," she explained, "and I have to get out of this dress and get on to the school. Do you suppose you could fix the hem in the morning?"

"Yes —" Jansie began, but before she could finish speaking, Charles Robertson interrupted eagerly, and his eyes were on Chris as he spoke. "I'm going right back to town," he told her, "so perhaps I could take you to the school, Miss Sanders."

And it was so, when presently they two moved lightly away from her down the pathway toward town, that Jansie stood looking after the tall, sure figure with somber eyes. "He's too old for her," she muttered, but even as she spoke, she knew that it wasn't true, that such perfect beings lived on the same plane, basked in the same warming favor of a strangely partial fate. She watched them turn into the lane, laughing and sure of foot, and disappear into the enfolding evening. "Not that I've any right to talk," she muttered grimly to herself. "He's younger than I am!" And for an instant, standing there in the wide smithy doorway, she was queerly comforted by the matter-of-fact illusion that only the difference of age lay between them.

"Jansie!" Willie's whining voice came to her from the top of the steps to the lean-to. "Jansie, I'm hungry. Ain't we got no supper?" With the intuition of his elemental nature Willie sensed something out of the ordinary, some troubling emotion in the quiet of the crippled woman.

"Shut up, Willie," Jansie snapped in an absent-minded voice. "Can't you give me time to do nothing?"

Reassured, Willie went back into the kitchen to wait for the supper that he knew would be forthcoming.

R. P. was still sullen from the afternoon's disagreement but Jansie served him and Willie with detached attention. When the food was before them, she moved away towards the bedroom door.

"Ain't you going to eat nothing, Jansie?" R. P. asked plaintively, as if her not eating were a further effort to thwart his own wishes. "Ain't you going to eat no supper?"

"I ain't hungry." Jansie's voice was indifferent.

Goaded by her tone to new efforts to gain her attention, R. P. announced abruptly, "Joe's here in town!"

It worked.

Jansie stopped halfway to the bedroom door, and stood, very still. "Where is he?" she asked, without turning her head. "Where is Joe, Paw?"

Willie chuckled slyly over his greasy mastication. "I seen him, too!" he said with his mouth full. "I seen him hiding out in Overfield's woods!"

Jansie's dark eyes came around to fix upon the simple-minded boy. "What's he hiding from?" she demanded.

R. P. looked at her and clicked his tongue with a depreciating sound. "Now, now, Jansie," she said placatingly, "don't you go getting all wrought up! Joe ain't done nothing! He just don't want everybody here in town knowing he's here, that's all! That's his business. Joe says," and he drew a knowing sidewise look at the crippled woman, "Joe says that there's a girl here in town he don't wanta see —"

Jansie snorted. "Humph! Joe ain't got no girl here in town. More likely it's —"

(To be continued.)

Let's Play Chess

Editor: Mr. C. HESS

SOLUTIONS FEBRUARY PROBLEMS

No. 96 (Wimsatt)

This problem almost seemed to be too difficult for it made many victims. The white King needs only to take one of the three Pawns in front of him, but each one of them is strongly defended. Therefore white plans a fully different attack, trying to weaken that defense. Key-move and threat are: 1. B-K8!! 2. P-N7 ch, KxP, forced; 3. NxP checkmate, because square N6 is covered by the B (now the reason for the strange key-move is clear), and the black Bishop at R5 appears to be pinned. Some variations are:

1. —, RxR; 2. KxPB7, R-B7 ch; 3. B-B6 mate.

1. —, BxN; 2. KxPN7, BxP; 3. BxB mate.

1. — R-KN8; 2. KxPR7, R-QR8 ch; 3. B-R4 mate.

The problem is excellent and the key-move quite a surprise.

No. 97 (Howard)

The third rank with a pinned white Knight has the secret of this problem. 1. RxR?? (which was received often) does not help because of 1. —, PxB5. The key-move is 1. PB2-4 and the threat 2. B-B5 mate. The main variations are very interesting because of the rule that a Pawn may capture a Pawn en passant (e.p.), which means: when they are going to pass each other only at the fourth rank. 1. —, PK5xP (e.p.); 2. N-B5 mate. 1. —, PN5xP (e.p.); 2. N-B2 mate.

No. 98 (Nanning)

1. B-N3 causes a dangerous threat in 2. PQB2-3 ch and 3. PN2-4 checkmate, for now the black King cannot escape to Q3. If black occupies square K5 either by Rook or by Bishop, the white Pawn at Q3 is defenseless and the threat is averted. However, in both cases, white has a decisive answer. Notice how black's Rook and Bishop interfere with each other. I give the solution with the two main variations. The others are easily to be found. 1. B-N3, R-K5; 2. K-N5 or 1. —, B-K5; 2. KxP, and mate cannot be prevented.

No. 99 (Niemeyer)

This is a perfect tempo problem. If the black Rook at B3 moves along the rank, Q-B5 mate follows; if he moves along the file, white plays Q-Q6 mate. If the other Rook moves, white mates by B-N3 or BxR. After moves by the black Bishop white plays Q-N5 or QxB mate, and if the black Pawn moves, R-N4 mate follows. White therefore should play an "innocent" tempo move by which the position as such does not change. The white King seems to be able to make not less than eight moves of that character. But watch out now, for after K-N4 or K-R3 the Queen will be pinned by B-B1! After K-B4 or B3, the same will happen by RxP! After 1. K-R2 or N2, or B2 and 1. —, R-R7! the white Bishop cannot move. For all these reasons there is only one key-move, just as it should be: 1. K-R4!

WAGS

ALOE

START

POD

CRUST

SENATE

HOOKS

ANTE

GEM

AVISO

TITAN

ELEGY

PRISM

LENTO

EXCEL

ADA

APT

HEAT

FOLIO

ERRANT

DEMON

BUS

TORSO

YIELD

LEES

ANSWER

of last week's

Cross Word Puzzle

CONFIDENTIALLY SPEAKING

Recently a Young People Society had a discussion on "Faith Healing". One of the members was apparently not quite satisfied and wrote us a letter. We quote part of the letter here: "Oral Roberts, the great man of Faith Healing, wrote a book in which, according to our essayist and backed up by a few others, he seems to be a very sincere Christian. What we would like to know is: Can we believe his teachings or healings? Are these people really cured? To us it seems that the people believe Oral Roberts heals them, not as he points out to them, that it is faith in God which makes them better. Can we believe that God is working through this man? Or is it the devil's work? Or is it "false teaching" as said in Revelations."

This subject is kept alive not only in the discussions, but more so because of the repeated T.V. programs in which especially Oral Roberts comes to the foreground. It seems that any doubt about the effectiveness of Robert's teaching and healing is cancelled by the very proofs. Nevertheless, it is quite understandable that someone says: "Are those people really cured?" and if they are, can we consider those healings as a result

of faith, or do we have to see the work of the devil in it?

We do not go into the question, whether Oral Roberts is a sincere Christian or not. We believe that we should abstain from such judgment. None of us is ever required to judge the sincerity of someone's Christianity. We all are sinners, and only God Himself can make someone a Christian.

In other words, we only would like to deal with the matter of faith healing as such. It appears that many Christians who are in agreement with one another on fundamental points do not feel alike on the matter of faith healing. What we, therefore, say is a personal opinion and not a standpoint of one particular church.

We would like to approach the subject from the viewpoint of prayer. After all, all faith healings are accomplished after prayer. Prayer it seems to us (and we believe that we find ground for our thinking in the Bible) may and can never have its starting point or aim in men. It starts with God and it has its aim in God. When the Lord Jesus taught His disciples to pray He taught them to be concerned most of all about God's Name, God's Kingdom and

God's will. Difficult as it may be it is clear enough that in my thinking and in my desiring I have to keep God in mind. We do not have to argue with one another whether God is able to cure us when we are sick. It is not even a point whether we have sufficient faith to believe in God's power. But here already we have one of our objections against faith healing. If we see it right than those faith healers want us to believe that God can cure us and as a consequence we should be cured. If we do not recover from our illness then this would be an indication of our weakness in faith. This seems to us to be completely wrong. We know that God sometimes uses sickness in order to get his people where he wants them.

This is an important point. Suppose that God wants to accomplish something by using sickness (think for instance of Moses, who was brought at the brink of death because he neglected the means of grace, Exodus 4) then it can be very wrong indeed to say that faith can heal us.

The question is not whether "God is working through a man". Of course, God can do this. God can use every man and everything to execute His will.

All kinds of questions may be asked and will be answered in this column. Letters should be addressed to the Editor of "Christian Courier" attention of Con and Ad, and do not need to be signed.

The point is whether we take the right attitude. Jesus has said, "If you abide in Me, and My word abide in you, ask what you will." Consequently, our first concern is that we abide in Him and that His word abide in us. Then, indeed, we may ask what we want. However, our wishes (also with regard to sickness) are in complete harmony with the Lord. This need not to be synonymous with curing from sickness.

Con Confidential.

Ad. Niser

BILL LOMP on

ROMANCE PROBLEMS

I am very happy that I married Gertrude! It really has helped me tremendously. At first, before I even had a girl, I figured I'd never get one because I was always too shy. Even thinking about taking a girl out for a date was enough to give me a heart-failure. So you can see that on problems in romance, I don't even pretend to know the answers.

However we do have a friend, Albert, who is a bachelor, and still is looking for a girl. Well, at times he seems to make out very well, but it never comes to anything. His parents have already been making all types of matches for him. They have hinted in every way that he should be taking out girls, that it would be so nice to be grandparents, and many other excuses.

Anyway one night Albert said:

"Bill, is it alright if I come over with a date tomorrow night?"

Of course, we were tickled pink. He was going to arrive at 8 o'clock, and Gertrude and I were all ready at seven. I bet we were just as nervous as any father or mother would be who were going to experience their son coming home with his first date.

We were all slicked up. Gertrude had her best dress on and I my suit. The apartment was spotless, the floors were polished, not a speck of dirt anywhere.

Then we waited. I started to read the paper, but it seemed that I went right from the front page to the back page without even remembering what I had read. I decided to read again. This time I had better know what I was reading. Alas, it was no use. My ears were tuned to all the sounds that might come up the driveway.

The first sound came at exactly 7:41 p.m. I raced to the window and opened the curtains wide. Gertrude was right behind me and closed them even faster than I had opened them. She was angry.

"You dope, do you want to make the impression that we are some-type of window peekers, or something!" she exclaimed.

That cooled me off a bit, and this time I peeked around the smallest space in the curtain. But it wasn't Albert at all! However while moving my big head back, I brushed the curtain against the flowerpot that was standing on the top of the ledge, and it came tumbling down, (as you guessed) right upside down on my head! The beautiful black earth, all over my suit and even worse, all over Gertrude's polished floor.

Now at first I wasn't too worried about my suit or the floor, but that black earth. I had gone in to the country and skipped across a fence into a farmer's field for that earth, and to me every crumb was precious. So instead of

moaning about the fate of my suit, I groaned, "Oh, no, that beautiful precious black earth!"

Gertrude really went into hysteria then.

"Don't worry about that clay," she yelled, "but get that suit changed and look at the floor!"

That threw me back into reality, and so quickly, feverishly changed my clothes. I sweated so much I even had to put on fresh under-arm deodorant!

Oh well, it was nine o'clock before Albert showed up. But even then it was a big surprise. He had a real nice girl. I liked her right away, in fact it reminded me of my "old" days.

We talked about all sorts of things. We started with the weather of course, and finally we ended up with a deep discussion about God and the fact that he is always so near to us. Boy, those discussions sure make a person feel good. It sort of stimulates your whole being. Sometimes you can never get away from the subject of the weather, and that really makes things boring.

Soon it was eleven o'clock, and I got the idea that maybe these two would like to be alone for a while. So I put my hand to my head and groaned, "Oh my, I'm getting dizzy, I better go out and catch a breath of fresh air"

That worked. Gertrude thought

that she had better come along, because she said that maybe I was really sick, since I had never been dizzy before.

So we went outside and sat on the step. I told Gertrude that I wasn't really dizzy, but that I wanted Albert to just have a few minutes alone with his girl. So we just sat outside and watched the stars for half an hour.

Then we went back inside. I did as though I was still a little bit dizzy, and that needed no further explanation. Soon afterwards they left.

Albert came back afterwards though, and we had a big long talk about girls, sex, and how a young man would be able to make the most of his romance.

I told him that in order to be really happy in your relationship with a girl, you must not go for her looks only, but that a person has to look for deeper things too, how to get more involved emotionally.

It was really a beautiful evening. Albert came to me for advice and I gave it to him the best I knew how. It really made me feel good. I, in my own way had tried to help someone. It certainly showed to me that when talking about spiritual matters, it really doesn't matter whether you are a garbage man or a scholar, as long as you know your principles and believes.